Behold, this Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a signe which shal be spoken against. Luc. 2. 34.

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THE

Fire of the Altar:

Or, Certain

DIRECTIONS

HOW TO

Raise the *Soul* into *Holy Flames*, **Before, At,** and **After,** the Receiving the *Blessed Sacrament* of the

LORDS SUPPER.

With suitable *Prayers* & *Devotions.*

To which is prefix'd

A DIALOGUE betwixt a *Christian* and his own *Conscience*, concerning The True *Nature* of the

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Intended chiefly for the Inhabitants of St. *Mary Le Strand*, and the Precinct of the *Savoy.*

The Fifth Edition, Corrected.

By Anthony Horneck, D. D.

LONDON:
Printed for Samuel Lowndes over-against *Exeter-Change* in the *Strand*, 1690.

To my Beloved *Parishioners*, the Inhabitants of St. *Mary le Strand*, and the *Precinct* of the *Savoy*.

THough I intend you a larger Treatise upon the Sacrament *of the* Lord's Supper, *by the Name and Title of* The CRUCIFIED JESUS: *Yet I was willing to let these Directions come forth, to prepare your Hearts for those larger* Meditations; *not but that there are Books enough already writ upon this* Subject, *and by abler Pens too: But you having, for some years past, known my Conversation, my Temper, my Exhortations, and my manner of Speaking, and Writing; I thought something of this nature might be more useful to you, than other more elaborate Lucubrations. There*

is nothing I am more afraid of, than that the generality of you, both young and old, either have not, or will not have, right Apprehensions of that Christian Religion, you profess; Some being apt to place it in a careless, customary Belief of the Doctrine; Some in leaving a few Notorious Sins; Others, in saying their Prayers; Others, in doing no Body wrong; Others, again, in having good Desires, and pious Inclinations. All which Opinions are Notorious Mistakes of the Nature and Temper of Christianity, which imports a change of Nature, Disposition, and acting contrary to the Humors, Passions, Manners, Customs, and Deportment of the World: And this is it I must see, and perceive in you, before I can conclude, that my Pains and Labors among you have not been in vain.

Brethren, *my Hearts Desire and Prayer to God for you, is, That you may be saved. I will assure you, this is no Complement, no form of Speech, no*

Words

Words in course; but the ardent Wish of my Soul, and my fervent Prayers Day and Night: This is the desire of my Soul in private, and in publick: For this I fill my Mouth with Arguments to that God who heareth Prayers, even then when you do not think of me: For this I study, and take pains, and am willing to spend my self, and to be spent; and your Salvation is the Object of my Care: For this end I venture your Anger, and caress your Love: For this end I walk blameless among you, and am tender of your welfare: For this end I reprove, and exhort, and entreat, you, and run, and spend my Breath, and all, that you may be saved.

I am not ignorant of the Devils Devices; I am sensible of the Nature of Sin, how apt it is to deceive you; and though I am not with you in all places, I see, by the Effects, how the Enemy of your Souls deals with you, and what will be the issue of a careless Life. I consider the shrieks of the Damn'd in

Hell, and would fain keep you from that dangerous Gulph. I see you stand upon the brink of Destruction, and cannot forbear calling to you, O, do your selves no harm! *The greatest Kindness you can do me, the greatest Gratitude you can express, the greatest Civility and Respect you can shew me, is, to do according to the wholesome Counsels I do give you: Whatever Constructions some of you may put upon these Abjurations, the Searcher of all Hearts knows this to be true, That I would rejoyce in nothing so much, as in your Obedience to the Gospel.*

I would fain rejoyce with you in the Great Day of the Lord Jesus: I would fain see you Glorious Saints in the Everlasting Mansions: I would fain see you shine as Stars in the Firmament of Heaven: I would see you triumph with Angels, sing with Cherubim, *and joyn the Celestial Quire in Eternal Praises. Think what a dismal sight it will be in that day, to see some of you weeping and howling in the*

the burning Lake, that might have feasted with the Son of God, in His Father's Kingdom. We that meet together in the Church Militant here, What a happy, What a Glorious, sight would it be, to meet all in the Church Triumphant, when these Bodies do drop from us!

It is no small Grief to me, to see some of you, who have lived for some years under my Ministry, given to the same Sins and inordinate Desires, as Drunkenness, Swearing, Lying, Cheating, Dissembling, Malice, Wrath, Hatred, Passion, Carelesness, and Neglect of the Lord's Supper, Quarrelling, foolish Jesting, filthy Talk, Frothiness, Pride, Uncleanness, &c. they were formerly enamoured with: Certainly this must be an Argument against you in that day, when God shall Judge the secrets of Men, by the Everlasting Gospel. O, let's not be forced to complain of you, that we would have healed you, and you would not be healed. To this end I beseech you.

1. *To make the Rules in the following Treatise familiar to you. There is nothing in it, but what you'll find exactly agreeable to that Word, on which you build your Faith. By making them familiar to you, I do not only mean getting them by Heart, but applying your selves to the serious practice of them, till you get a habit of those Virtues. A single act now and then, when you are in a Religious Humour, will do no good; but you must labor at them so long, till they come to be incorporated with your Spirits, and mingle with your Complexion, and Constitution.*

2. *To oblige your Children, and Servants, to learn these Rules without Book, and to admonish them to try, and see, whether they observe them in their Behaviour and Conversation; to ask them often, Whether their Actions are agreeable to these Rules? And, Whether they are not afraid of losing God's Favour, by neglecting so great Salvation?*

But then thou must shew them a good Example; for all your Exhortations will be but Wind, while you do not express the possibility of living up to these Rules in your own Lives. Your Example will make these Christian Virtues amiable, and your Practice must shew, that you believe them necessary. And, Oh! How comfortable will it be upon your Deathbeds, and what Joy will this Testimony of your Conscience cause, that in Godly Simplicity and Sincerity, not according to fleshly Wisdom, but according to the Grace of God, you have had your Corversation in the World? God will love you, even he, whose loving Kindness is better than Life it self: His Love will close your Eyes: His Love will whisper the glad Tidings of Happiness in your Ears: His Love will be your Guide through the Shadow and Valley of Death; and this Love will see you safe within the Gates of a Bles-

a Blessed Eternity. Which Love, that it may become your Portion and Inheritance, is, and shall be, the hearty Wish and Prayer of

Your Faithful Friend, and

Minister in *Christ Jesus*,

A. HORNECK.

THE

THE TRUE NATURE OF THE *Christian Religion*; IN A *Dialogue* betwixt a *Christian* and his own *Conscience*.

Conscience.

ROuze, Rouze, thy self, and awake, thou slumbring Sinner, and think, what that Religion means thou dost profess; and tell me ingenuously, What it is to be a *Christian*?

Christian. It is not only to profess the Doctrine of *Jesus Christ*, but also to live, as he lived; to have the same Mind and Spirit

Spirit in me, that was in him; to act upon the great Principle of an unseen everlasting Glory; and to neglect all things, rather than the Salvation of my Immortal Soul, *John* 15. 10. *Phil.* 2. 5. *Matth.* 16. 26. *Heb.* 12. 1, 2.

Conf. Hast thou a Soul, that's in a possibility of being either Eternally Happy, or Eternally Miserable?

Christ. I have: For my Soul certainly is not of the same Nature with my Body, but is a Spiritual Substance, Rational, and Intelligent as Angels are, and therefore Incorruptible; and signally differs from Beasts, being capable of obeying and disobeying God, *Matth.* 10. 28. *Psal.* 32. 9. *Rev.* 22. 8, 9. *Isa.* 1. 19, 20.

Conf. What if thy Soul be capable of obeying and disobeying God, doth that make it either Happy, or Miserable?

Christ. Yes, certainly: For to the Obedient, God hath faithfully promised Eternal Life, and Glory, when they leave this World; and to the Disobedient, he hath peremptorily threatned everlasting Anguish and Torment, *Rom.* 2. 6, 7, 8. *Heb.* 5. 9. 2 *Thess.* 1. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Conf. What must thou do then to be saved?

Christ. I must necessarily obey the Precepts

cepts, and Commands of my Lord and Master, and Saviour Christ Jesus, which he hath delivered, and enjoyn'd, either with his own Mouth, or by his Apostles, *John* 14. 15, 21. *John* 15. 14 1 *Thess.* 4. 5.

Consc. What Precepts are those thou art bound to obey in order to be saved?

Christ. 1. I must necessarily curb mine Anger and Passion, and be very Meek to all Men in my Speeches, Answers, and Actions; gentle, and not much concern'd under any Affront, or Injury done to my Person; or when any thing is said, or done, which displeaseth me; and be ready to forgive, and forget, all Injuries.

I must not revile, when I am reviled; nor give ill Language to them that reproach me; nor revenge my self when it lies in my power; nor call Men Fools, and Rogues, upon trivial occasions.

I must so far love mine Enemies, as to do good to them that hate me, if they either desire or want it; bless them that curse me, and pray for them that use me ill, *Matth.* 5. 22, 44. *Titus* 3. 2. *Rom.* 12. 17, 19. 1 *Peter* 2. 21, 23.

2. I must be very humble, and have low and mean Thoughts of my self, and of my Worth, Knowledge, Fortune, Dignity, Riches,

Riches, Means, and Condition in the World.

I must, when I address my self to God in Prayer, or Praises, be very vile and base in my own sight, and be ashamed to lift up my Eyes and Hands to God.

I must esteem other Men, in whom I see any Goodness, better than my self.

I must not commend my self, nor take it ill, if other People do not; nor be fond of Worldly Respect and Honour, but must be Civil, Courteous, and obliging, even to the meanest, and poorest; and regard the Honour that comes of God, more than the Honour which comes of Men. *Matth.* 11. 29. *Mark* 10. 15. *John* 5. 44. *Gal.* 5. 26. 2 *Sam.* 6. 22.

3. I must be kind and tender-hearted, and compassionate, and love to do good to my Neighbour, either by good Advice, and Counsel; or Reproof, if he goes on in any known Sin; or by my Means, and Money and Goods, if he be in want; or by my Labor and Industry, if I can do no more, according as my Ability, and his Necessity require: And if I know none, must seek out Objects, upon whom, and to whom I may do good, *Gal.* 6. 6, 9, 10. *Tim.* 2. 1, 17.

4. I must shun all foreseen and known Occasions of Evil.

If, by looking on a Man or Woman, any dishonest Lust, or Desire, rise in me, I must crush it, and look upon that Person no more: I must not go into Company, where I am certain I shall be tempted, and drawn into Sin; whether it be Drunkenness, or Swearing, or Passion, or frothy or filthy Talk, or the like.

I must not touch any thing, that would raise any inordinate Appetite in me; and must forbear gaudy Cloathing, and other external Ornaments, if they prove Temptations to Pride or Loftiness, and Vanity of Spirit, *Matth.* 5. 28, 29, 30. 1 *Tim.* 2. 9. 1 *Pet.* 3. 3, 4.

5. I must labour to be very patient under any Temporal Afflictions, whether Sickness, or Losses, or other Crosses and Disappointments; and neither murmur, nor repine, because God, my Heavenly Father, sends it; and hath promised, That if I love him, to turn all these Troubles unto my unspeakable good; and designs an infinite recompence in Heaven, for my Patience, *Jam.* 5. 7: *Rom.* 8. 28. *Heb.* 12. 7, 8, 9.

6. I must study great Simplicity in my Thoughts, Words, Actions, Garb, Cloaths,

Cloaths, Furniture, Houſes, Meat, Drink, and the like, and avoid all things, that may put a ſtop to my progreſs in a Spiritual Life; and particularly, all ſuch Recreations, as may dull and damp good things in me, or bring upon me an averſion from that Goodneſs and Simplicity, which was in Chriſt and his Apoſtles, and the Primitive Chriſtians, 2 *Cor.* 1. 12. *Matth.* 10. 16. *Phil.* 2. 15. 1 *Theſſ.* 5. 22.

7. I muſt, in all places, wherever I am, watch over my Thoughts and Speeches, and Expreſſions, and Actions, becauſe God hears, and ſees me, and is every where Preſent; and take heed, that neither any Temporal Profit, nor Pleaſure, nor the Favour of Men, make me ſay, or do, or comply with any thing, that is ſinful, and I ſuſpect to be ſo, *Pſal.* 139. 1, 2, 3, 4. *Matth.* 12. 36. *Col.* 4. 6. 1 *Theſſ.* 4. 4, 5, 6. *Acts.* 5. 29.

8. I muſt not uſe Equivocations, or mental Reſervations, when I ſpeak, or take an Oath; or promiſe any thing, or make a Bargain, nor tell a Lye wittingly or wilfully, though I might gain all the Riches of the World, or could ſave my Life by it; but ſpeak the Truth when ever I think fit to ſpeak, or give an Anſwer, let the Inconvenience be what it will, or the dan-

danger never so great, *Ephes.* 4. 28. 1 *Pet.* 3. 15.

9. I must take special notice of the various dealings of God with my Soul and Body, and praise, and admire him for those Providences, whether Spiritual or Temporal, as many as come within my Cognisance.

I must praise him when I rise, when I lie down, when I sit up, when I walk, when I eat or drink, or get any Lawful Gain, or Men are kind and favourable to me, *Es.* 5. 11, 12. *Psal.* 105. 5. *Matth.* 6. 26, 27, 28. 1 *Cor.* 10. 31. 1 *Thess.* 5. 18.

10. I must do the same Kindnesses, Favours, and Services, to other Men, which I would have other Men, who are in such Circumstances, do to me, and therefore I must be charitable, just, honest, faithful, sincere in all my Dealings with them, and put a good Construction on their doubtful Actions, because I would have them be so, and do so to me, *Matth.* 7. 12. 1 *Cor.* 13. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Rom.* 13. 7, 8, 9.

11. According to the Condition, Calling, or Relation I am in, I must discharge my Duty belonging to that Calling, Condition, or Relation, with very great Conscientiousness; as a Servant, I must be faithful or respectful to my Master or Mistress;

ſtreſs; as a Son or Daughter, very tender of my Parents welfare, credit, and command; as a Subject, Obedient and Loyal to the King, and thoſe who are in Authority under him, in all lawful Things; as a Member of a publick Church, careful to preſerve its Peace and Unity; as a Husband or Wife, loving, kind, and amiable, to my yoke Fellow; and in the lawful Calling God hath placed me in, diligent and induſtrious. 1 *Pet.* 2. 13, 14, 18. *Eph.* 6. 1, 4, 5. *Col.* 3. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22. *Col.* 4. 1. *Rom.* 12. 11.

12. I muſt delight to think of God, and delight to ſpeak of Spiritual things, and delight to do the Will of God; and delight in all theſe, and in other good Works, more than in the gaudes, pomp, glory, and vanity, of this preſent World.

I muſt uſe the World, as if I uſed it not, and be very indifferent, whether I have much of the Worlds Good or no: And my chief Aim and Deſign muſt be to get a Share in God's everlaſting Kingdom. *Matth.* 6. 33. 1 *Cor.* 7. 29, 30, 31. *Pſal.* 112. 1. *Pſal.* 139. 17. *Pſal.* 119. 72.

Conſc. Why art thou obliged to do all this, in order to Salvation?

Chriſt. Partly, becauſe God, my Supreme Governour, expreſly commands theſe

these things to be done; partly, because Eternal Happiness is promised to none, but such as in good earnest apply themselves to the performance of them; partly, because infinite Glory is a thing of that consequence, that it deserves these pains, and this excellent temper; partly, because the Love of God to me is so great, that I can do no less in common Gratitude, *Matth.* 5. 20. *Matth.* 19. 17. *Luke* 13. 24. 2 *Cor.* 5. 14.

Consc. What is that mighty Love of God, that challenges such Gratitude?

Christ. When with the rest of Mankind I was lost, and undone in my first Parents, deprived of all hopes of Mercy and Pardon and Salvation; the Eternal Son of God, to restore me to God's Favour, and to make me capable of Pardon, and Eternal Salvation, took my Nature upon him, became Man, suffered and died for me; and having by his Death purchased this Pardon and Salvation for me, offers me these Mercies upon condition of obeying the aforesaid Precepts, *John* 3. 16. *Rom.* 5. 17, 21. 2 *Cor.* 5. 19.

Consc. But what if thou hast not obeyed these Precepts of the Gospel, is there any Remedy or Hopes to recover the Favour of God?

Christ.

Christ. I must necessarily repent of my Disobedience with all speed; and make it my Business, for the future, to live up to those Rules, in despite of all Commands and Allurements from Men to the contrary: And upon this Repentance, sincere Resolution, and earnest Endeavours to obey them, I may certainly hope for Pardon and Salvation, because he hath promised it, *Matth.* 11. 28, 29. *Es.* 55. 7. *Joel* 2. 12, 13, 14.

Consc. But is it possible, dost thou think, for any Man to obey, and live up to these Precepts?

Christ. If it were not possible for me to obey them, I cannot imagine, why God should peremptorily require it of me: And therefore I may certainly so far obey them, as not to act wittingly or wilfully, or deliberately against them; and so perform them, as to make them the setled Rule of my Thoughts, Desires, Words, and Actions, if I will but use the Means God hath prescribed in order to this Holy Obedience, *Matth.* 25. 26, 27. 1 *Cor.* 10. 13. 1 *Joh.* 5. 3.

Consc. What are those Means, whereby this Holy Obedience may be attained?

Christ. They are Eight; 1. Consideration

on and Thinking. 2. Earnest Prayer for the Assistance of God's Grace and Spirit. 3. Diligent Hearing and Reading the Word of God. 4. Asking Advice, and consulting with faithful Ministers of the Gospel. 5. Self-Examination. 6. A right Apprehension of the Nature of God, and of Spiritual things. 7. Humbling the Soul with Fasting. 8. A Conscientious use of the Two Sacraments, the Son of God hath instituted, and ordained.

Consc. How is Consideration, and Thinking, to be managed?

Christ. I must seriously, and frequently retire, and think with my self, that surely God's Promises and Threatnings will be fulfilled; that upon the moment of my death, there depends Eternity; and what a sad and forlorn Condition I should be in, should Eternal Anguish seize on my Soul, when it leaves this World; and though God be patient, yet he will not be mocked; that there is no Soul in Hell at this time, but would be glad to obey God, if they might be freed, and tried once more here on Earth; that a work of that concern is not to be neglected for Trifles; that my Death is very uncertain, and a Death-bed is no place or time to bring my self to a habit of Obedience, *Deut.*

32.

32. 29. *Psal.* 90. 12. *Psal.* 50. 22.

Consc. What is the Nature of Prayer, and earneſt begging for Grace and Aſſiſtance of God's Spirit?

Chriſt. I muſt take care, that my Heart and Mind do pray as well as my Lips; I muſt be ſenſible of what I pray for, and fix my Thoughts upon God in Prayer, and earneſtly long for his Grace and Mercy, and be importunate with him, pray often, and with fervour, like a Perſon that am concerned at the danger I am in; I muſt watch againſt wandering Thoughts, or expel them when they come in; and my Soul muſt eſteem and prize the Grace of God, and Aſſiſtance of God's Spirit, above all the Advantages of the World, and be reſtleſs till I get it, and take notice, how God hears and anſwers my Prayers, *John* 4. 24. *Pſal.* 66. 18. *Pſal.* 63. 1. *Pſal.* 16. 8.

Conſc. What doſt thou mean by diligent Hearing and Reading of the word of God?

Chriſt. When I read or hear it, I muſt read and hear it with Attention, and Reſolution, to know God's Will, that I may do it: Before I read and hear it, I muſt beg of God to enlighten me, and to imprint thoſe good Leſſons, I ſhall hear or read,

read, upon my Soul, and to make them effectual to me; I must apply the general Commands I read and hear, to mine own Soul; and believe, that what God commands all Men, as Christians and Believers, He commands me in particular. I must watch against worldly Thoughts in reading, and hearing; and remember, I do sin, if I do not mind what I read or hear, *Luk.* 8. 18. *Mark* 4. 24. *Joh.* 5. 39. *Psal.* 119. 18.

Consc. In what manner must thou ask advice of Faithful Ministers of the Gospel?

Christ. I must go to those who are very serious, or send for any of them, and ask them about the state and condition of my Soul; and what I must do to secure God's Favour; how I must go about the great Work of Salvation, and beg their Direction in performing the Will of God; and acquaint them, how it is with me; what Temptations I am subject to, and what Corruptions I am inclined to: And intreat them to tell me, how to be rid of them, and oblige them to help me with their Prayers, and encourage me to a vigorous pursuit of the everlasting Riches; and when I have done so, must follow their Advice and Counsel, *Acts* 16. 30, 31, 32. *Mark* 10. 17. *Phil.* 3. 17.

Consc. And what is to be done with Self-Examination?

Christ. I must frequently look into my Thoughts, Words, and Actions, and see whether they are agreeable to the Rules of the Gospel, every night I must take an account of my self, and consider, what I have been doing in the day time; whether I have not told a Lye, deceiv'd no Body, broke forth into no Passion, done Good, resisted Temptations, been often with God in Prayer, taken notice of God's Providences, *&c.* that, where I have done amiss, I may watch against it the next day; and where I have done well, I may admire the Goodness of God, and praise him for it, *Psal.* 4. 4. 2 *Cor.* 13. 5. *Lam.* 3. 40.

Consc. What Apprehensions must those have of God, and Spiritual things?

Christ. I must believe,

1. That God is a Spirit Omnipresent, Omniscient, infinitely Good, and Wise and Holy, and Just, and will be a Rewarder to them that diligently seek him, and punish the Disobedient, either here or hereafter, or both here and hereafter, *Heb.* 11. 6. 2 *Thess.* 1. 6, 7. *Psal.* 58. 11. *Psal.* 50. 21.

2. That this God is our Supreme G[illegible] vernor

vernor, and hath revealed himself to be Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; and that there is some resemblance of these Three in One in the Sun, in which is the Light, and Heat, and Beam, which Three make but one Sun, 1 *John* 5. 7. *Matth.* 28. 19. 2 *Cor.* 13. 14.

3. That all Mankind fell in *Adam*, the first Man, and, by that Fall, moved God to withdraw His Love and Favour from them; and that God the Son, in commiseration to our Nature, became Man of the Virgin *Mary*, suffered and died; and, by his Death, rendered God the Father, or, rather, the whole Trinity, kind and propitious to us, and willing to receive us into Favour, and to give us Pardon, and everlasting Life, upon the Conditions of Repentance and unfeigned Obedience; and therefore justly called Christ Jesus, *i. e.* the Anointed Saviour, *Rom.* 5. 8, 9, 10. *Gal.* 4. 4, 5. *Matth.* 1. 21.

4. That the Scripture, where all this is revealed, is the word of God; because the Men, who revealed this in Scripture, were inspired by the Holy Ghost, and in confirmation of it, wrought true Miracles, Miracles levell'd against the Power of Sin, and impossible to be done by human

ſtrength: The truth of which Miracles hath been conveyed down to Poſterity, by multitudes of Eye-witneſſes, and from them received by all Chriſtian People, *Heb.* 2. 1, 2, 3, 4.

5. That the Promiſes and Threatnings of the Goſpel will infallibly be fulfilled ſooner or later, becauſe God cannot Lye, *Tit.* 1. 2.

6. That our Soul is not our Breath, nor our Blood, nor the Spirits of our Blood, but a Spiritual Subſtance, able to live, and act without this groſs Body we carry about us; and will immediately, upon leaving this Body, be obliged to appear before God, and to give him an account of its good and evil Works; and according to the prevalency or predominancy of either, be made ſenſible of the Sentence of Abſolution, or Condemnation, which ſhall be pronounced at the Day of Judgment, *Luke* 16. 22, 23.

7. That at the end of this World, there will be a ſolemn day of Judgment, wherein the Bodies of all Men ſhall riſe, and be re-united to their Souls; and the Thoughts, Words, and Actions be brought to light, and judged, and Sentence ſolemnly pronounced; and the Good commanded to take poſſeſſion of Eter-

Eternal Joys, and the Bad to go into Everlasting Torments, 2 *Cor.* 5. 10. *Matth.* 25. 31, 45.

8. That God requires no more of us, than we do of our Children, and Servants, and that's *Love*; and that this *Love*, if it be true, and hearty, must necessarily discover it self in Repentance, and sorrow, for offending him, and a sincere endeavour to please and obey him for the future, *Luk.* 6. 46. *Malach.* 1. 6.

9. That though by Nature we are generally more prone to Evil than to Good, and have a stronger Byas to Sin than Righteousness: Yet God the Holy Ghost, by his Power and Influences, will certainly assist, and help us to abhor that which is Evil, and to cleave to that which is Good; if so be, that by earnest Prayer, Fasting, and Meditation, we long, and breath, for his Help and Influences, *Luk.* 11. 13.

10. That all the Service I offer to God, must be performed with my Mind, Will and Affections, or with my inward Man, and with my Heart; and that without my Mind have the greatest share in the Service, it is insignificant, and rejected by God, *Prov.* 23. 26. *Matth.* 22. 37.

11. That by Believing in Scripture,

for the most part, is meant nothing but Obeying; and that he who obeys not the Precepts of the Gospel, doth not believe that they are either Divine, or necessary to be obeyed, or that the Gospel is infallibly true, *Acts* 6. 7. *Heb.* 11. 24, 25, 26. 2 *Thess.* 1. 11.

12. That that frame of Spirit, which fits a Man for Eternal Happiness, is neither a customary frequenting the Ordinances of God, nor shunning the grosser Sins and Vices of the Age we live in; nor being Master of a single virtue; but a Spiritual temper of Mind, which puts us upon doing all that's necessary to be done in order to Salvation, *Rom.* 8. 5, 6, 9, 10.

Consc. What are the Rules to be observed in humbling the Soul with Fasting?

Christ. I must frequently, as often as my strength will bear it, give my self to Fasting and Prayer; and on those Fasts, wrestle with God for growth in Grace, and strength against those Sins I am most prone and inclined to, and greater Courage against Temptations.

I must give Alms on that day, for the refreshing of some poor Member of Christ; and spend the day in Supplications, and contemplations of my Sins, and

of

of the Wrath of God, I have deserved, and of God's Mercy to penitent Sinners in Christ Jesus, and in holy Resolutions to be watchful over my Heart for the future, that I may perform those Duties I have formerly neglected, and imitate holy Men and Women in their Virtuous Practices, *Es.* 58. 6, 7. *Matth.* 6. 17, 18. 1 *Cor.* 7. 5. 1 *Cor.* 9. 27.

Consc. Wherein doth the Conscientious Use of the holy Sacraments consist?

Christ. In entertaining right and suitable Notions of the nature of these Sacraments, and using them to those ends and purposes, for which they are designed, *Matth.* 6. 22. 1 *Cor.* 10. 31.

Consc. What Notions must thou entertain about these Sacraments?

Christ. 1. That these Sacraments are in the nature of Solemn Vows and Protestations: That I will be faithful to God in Christ Jesus, by the assistance of the holy Ghost; or in the nature of Covenants, where God and Man do mutually engage themselves one to another; or in the nature of outward visible Signs, whereby some Spiritual thing is represented, *Rom.* 4. 12. *Exod.* 13. 9. 1 *Pet.* 3. 20, 21.

2. That these Sacraments are ordained

and inſtituted by the Son of God, my Saviour; and that Baptiſm, and the Supper of the Lord, are all the Sacraments, that are either given by Chriſt to the Church, or need to be received by the Church of Chriſt, *Matth.* 28. 19. 1 *Cor.* 11. 23.

3. That Baptiſm is a ſignificant Ceremony, whereby Children, Men, and Women, are waſhed with Water; which Waſhing imports God's Pardon for our Sins, and our Duty to keep our ſelves pure from Sin for the future; God promiſing the one, and we the other, 1 *Pet.* 3. 21. 1 *Cor.* 6. 11.

4. That though Children can make no ſuch Promiſes, yet it's fit they ſhould be Baptized; becauſe they are part of the Nations which Chriſt ſhould have Baptized, and are Diſciples, and in the Covenant of Grace: And, it's enough, that other Perſons promiſe for them as their Guardians; which Promiſe they are bound to perform, when they come to be of Age, *Acts* 2. 38, 39.

5. That the *Bread* and *Wine* ſet before the Congregation in the *Sacrament* of the *Lord's Supper*, repreſents, or puts me in mind of, the Crucified Body and Blood of Chriſt; or rather of the Benefits of Chriſt's

Christ's Death, which are pardon of Sin, and a right to Eternal Bliss: And moreover, assures me, that if I eat and drink in this Sacrament with unfeigned purpose of mind, to make Conscience of whatever Christ commands me, that the Benefits of Christ's Death and Sufferings, *viz.* God's Pardon, and a right to Everlasting Glory, shall as verily be applied to me, and become one with my Soul, as the *Bread* and *Wine*, which represent these Benefits, become one with my Substance, 1 *Cor.* 10. 16.

6. That coming to the Lord's Supper, is the strongest Engagement to a holy Life; because I do there personally, freely, and solemnly, remember the death of Christ, and that my Sins caused his death; and do protest to allow my self no longer in them, but to imitate *Christ Jesus* in his Meekness, Patience, Humility, Charity, and Goodness, 1 *Cor.* 11. 24, 25.

Consc. How must these Sacraments be used, in order to thy present and everlasting Comfort?

Christ. 1. As to Baptism, I must be baptiz'd but once, because that initiates and admits me into the fellowship of Christians, and gives me a Right and

Title to the use of the means of Grace; and this need to be done but once: All that is to be done after this, is to keep a good Conscience towards God, and towards Man, in the use of those means, according to the promise made for me when I was washed with Water, *Ephes.* 4. 5.

2. As to the *Supper of the Lord*, that requires my frequent coming; because I stand in need of frequent renewing, not only of my Repentance, and Love to God, and Charity to my Neighbours; but of the motives and enforcives to these Graces, whereof the Remembrance of the Love of God in the death of Christ, is the greatest, and most remarkable, 1 *Cor.* 11. 26.

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THE
Fire *of the* Altar.
OR,
DIRECTIONS
Concerning the *Worthy Receiving of the* Lord's Supper.

CHAP. I.

A Preparatory Meditation to bring the Mind into a serious Frame.

Conscience.

IS it not fit, O my Soul, thou shouldest pause a little on thy Redeemers Death, before thou goes to remember it with the Congregation? There are those Charms in that Death, which, if rightly viewed, will

will be invincible Motives to thee to dye to a ſinful Life, and to embrace the holy Life of Jeſus.

Shouldeſt not thou think? Shouldeſt not thou cry?

I.

O, that I had Wings like a Dove, that I might fly away to *Golgotha*, and behold the dreadful Spectacle of God, crucified for the Sins of the Children of Men! A mighty Miſtery this! To the *Jews* a Stumbling-block, and to the *Greeks* Fooliſhneſs: What all the *Jewiſh Rabbins* could not ſee, what the greateſt Heathen Sages could not find out, that hath God revealed. O God! Thy Ways are not as our Ways, nor are thy Thoughts as our Thoughts. We entertain mean apprehenſions of Thee, ſuch as our narrow Underſtandings yield; but thou loveſt to do all things contrary to the Meaſures we poor Mortals take. This hath been Thy method, ever ſince Thou haſt thought fit to plant a Church in the World! Thou did'ſt ſend *Lot* into *Sodom*, and, contrary to Mens imagination, did'ſt preſerve him from the infection of that Beaſtly Crew. In the mid'ſt of an Idolatrous

trous Country; Thou did'ſt bid *Elijah* ſtand up, and declare Thy Name to the beſotted *Iſraelites*: A place, where to own the true God, was fatal; and to make mention of Thy Worſhip, Hereſie: Where to profeſs the Faith, was counted Madneſs; and not to imitate the Luxury of the Age, a Crime unpardonable. Among the wicked Men of *Anathoth*, thou did'ſt ſeparate *Jeremiah* for the Prophetick Office; and, in the Land of *Uz*, crowded with Pagans and Infidels, gaveſt *Job* a Heart to fear thy Providence. Out of *Uz*, the Metropolis of *Chaldean* Superſtition, thou did'ſt call the Beloved *Abraham*; and vouchſafedſt to him the Knowledge of thy Will, in a crooked and perverſe Generation. Thou did'ſt fill the baſhful *Moſes* with courage to talk to Kings; and a timorous *Aaron*, by thy Order, can controul Atheiſts and Idolaters. Thou loveſt to create a World out of nothing; and to call things that are, out of thoſe which do not appear. Thou loveſt to do things, which, to us, ſeem impoſſibilities, and when the Fig-tree doth not bloſſom, loveſt to produce moſt pleaſant Fruit. When Calamities are become dangerous, and paſt Remedy, thou loveſt to ſhew thy healing hand; and when no probabilities of help appear, declareſt

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thy Power and Glory. Thou loveſt to bring forth Grapes from Thorns, and Figs from Thiſtles; and out of a barren Soil, or curſed Ground, many times letteſt the richeſt Spices grow. When all Mankind lay in darkneſs, and was covered with the ſhadow of Death; when Devils plaid about them, and the Furies of the burning Lake laid hold of them; when the fiery Dragon was ready to devour them, and the old Serpent going to ſwallow up their Souls: Behold, thy Son appears from Heaven, frights the Powers of Darkneſs, and all immediately diſappear.

II.

Ah! My deareſt Jeſu! Meekeſt of Kings, and fairer than all the Children of Men! I behold Thee reigning and hanging on the Croſs! Reigning; for in deſpight of all the Reproaches of thine Enemies, thou waſt ſtill the everlaſting King, and Saints and Angels bowed to Thee; when thy Body was torn, bruiſed, and wounded on the Tree, their Reproaches could not dethrone Thee, their virulent Tongues could not make Thee leſs than thou wert: Theſe impotent Wretches might

might bark at the Sun, but could not eclipſe its Glory. Thou couldſt have deſtroy'd their Tongues, but wouldſt not; and it was a Royal Act, not to puniſh them, when thou hadſt the greateſt Provocations. O my Lord! I ſee Thee blotting out the Hand-writing, which was againſt me; How red were the Characters! How bloody were the Lines! Yet thy Blood makes them as white as Snow.

III.

O my Lord: I hear thy words ſharper than any two-edged Sword, and piercing, to the dividing aſunder of the Bones and Marrow: I hear thy Complaints, I mean, which broke the Rocks, and ſhook the Earth, and ſhall not my Heart be moved at them? For Thee, the Son of God, to cry out, *My Soul is exceeding ſorrowful, even unto death!* Who can hear this? Who can think of it, and not ſtand confounded! For Omnipotence to ſink thus! For infinite Perfection to faint thus! For Him that ſat on the Circle of the Earth, and before whom all Nations were as Graſhoppers; for Him thus to ſwoon, thus to weep, thus to mourn! What could be the reaſon? O thou Prince of Peace!

Peace! For the iniquity of thy People, Thou was ſtruck; for the Sins of the World, Thou didſt ſuffer Baniſhment, and waſt uſed, as if Thou hadſt not been anointed with Oyl, or been guilty of the Crimes Thy Foes accuſed Thee of. The Snares of death did encompaſs Thee, Thy Friends forſook Thee; And Thy Heritage, like a Lyon out of the Wood, did roar againſt Thee; O my Bowels, be ye troubled at this remembrance! O my flinty Heart, canſt thou ſee thy Lord, as it were, crucified before thine Eyes, and not break out into Floods of Tears! O Jeſu! Thou cryeſt to thy Father, and he hears the not! He ſeems to be cruel to his Son, and deaf to thy Lamentations! The Windows of Heaven ſeem to be ſhut, and a Veil to be drawn over all the Joys, and Comforts, and Conſolations, that formerly watered and enriched thy Soul! See, how dry, and barren, and burut up, this precious Soul appears. No ſhowers from above come down, no Sun ſhines upon it; the Stars of Heaven with-hold their influence, and ſcarce an Angel will ſtir to thy Aſſiſtance. O Thou who art all Glorious within, and art Thy Self the Glory of the Univerſe! Were my Sins laid in a Balance, they would weigh heavier

vier than the Sand on the Sea ſhore; and then, What need I wonder, that Thou cryeſt ſo loud under the heavy load? For the Arrows of the Lord ſtick in thee, and his Hand preſſes thee ſore.

IV.

O Bleſſed Nazarite! Whiter than Snow, brighter than the Sky, purer than the Sun; How is thy Face diſfigured with Grief! How do thine Eyes languiſh! How diſmal doſt thou appear! Is this the Face that was the Perfection of Beauty? Is this the Face that was once the deſire of all Nations? Is this the Face, which ſo many Prophets and Righteous Men have deſired to ſee? Is this the Face that *Abraham* long'd to behold, and the Patriarchs were ambitious to have a view of? Is this the Face, admired by Angels, and dreaded by Devils? What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved? O thou faireſt among Women! Is this the mighty Bridegroom of the Church, who was once transfigured on the Holy Mount, and his Face did ſhine as the Sun, and his Raiment became white as the Light? Is this he, whom God anointed with the Oyl of Gladneſs above his Fellows; whoſe Garments ſmell of Myrrh, Alloes and Caſſia; and caſt ſuch

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a ſcent, that the Daughter of *Tyre* came with a Gift, and the rich among the people entreated his Favour? How is he alter'd! How is his Countenance chang'd! How is the Gold become dim, and the fine Gold chang'd! Yet ſtill thou art lovely to a Soul that ſees farther than the outſide. Still thou art a Cordial to fainting Spirits. Still thou art a Fountain of living Waters. Still thou art the Joy of the whole Earth, the Light of Heaven, and the Song of *Sion*. My Thoughts, O Lord, ſhall follow thee to the Croſs. Methinks I ſee, how thou art going to die; thou lookeſt back on thine Enemies, and, notwithſtanding all their Affronts, offereſt them Mercy. O Incomprehenſible Goodneſs! Even then, when thou art lifted up to the infamous Tree, thou draweſt, and inviteſt all Men to thee, thou preacheſt on the Croſs, and thy very Wounds are Sermons to the Children of Men; and thy Blood trickling down, is an exhortation to Repentance. Surely it is good for me to adhere unto thee, and to count it death to be ſeparated from thee.

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O, Whither ſhall I go but to thee, who haſt Words of Eternal Life! Thou art my Sun, by thee I ſhall be enlightened, by thee my Soul ſhall be warmed; O, how comfortable are thy Beams! What a progreſs muſt that Soul make, on which thou ſhineſt, and darteſt thy glorious Rayes! Thou are that lofty Cedar, whoſe Boughs overſpread the Believing World!

VI.

Under the ſhadow of that Tree will I reſt: It is for the healing of the Nations. I will be glad in the Lord, and rejoyce in my bleeding Jeſus. While the World deſpiſes thee, I will honour thee; while great Men paſs by, and regard thee not, I that am poor and needy will wait to be refreſhed by thee!

VII.

Go, ye Fools! Be, be enamoured with your Trifles, admire your Butterflies, doat on your ſenſual Pleaſures: Here is one that looks charming in his Tears, lovely

lovely in his Blood, amiable in his Wounds, and is more beautiful in the midſt of all his diſtreſſes, than the brighteſt Virgins Face, adorned with all the glittering Treaſures of the *Eaſt*.

VIII.

O my Strength! By thee I deſire to be comforted, and ſupported. O, anoint my Eyes with thy Sovereign Eye-ſalve, and I ſhall ſee, and live. O, that the Clouds, which dwell on my Underſtanding, were diſperſed, that I might look upon thee ſtedfaſtly! O, then thou wouldſt appear more lovely to me on the Croſs, than *Cræſus* in in his Throne, or *Solomon* in all his Glory! God forbid that I ſhould glory in any thing, ſave in the Croſs of Chriſt. In this lie hid vaſt Treaſures of Sweetneſs! O, my Jeſus! Make me comfortable to thy Death, and give me leave to carry thy marks in my Body: Let me be crucified with thee; and let Chriſt for ever live in me.

IX.

Canſt thou live in a Soul that hath abuſed thy Mercy, ſlighted thy Patience, and

and ſo often baffled the Stratagems of thy Compaſſion? I believe, Lord! O help my Unbelief. Thou cameſt to call, not the Righteous, but Sinners, to repentance. O then my Husband will love me, my Redeemer will come and live with me; for my Repentings are kindled, I hate the Sins that have defiled my Soul! Away, ye Swine! Here are no Devils to enter in. I am to receive my Bridegroom into my Heart. Come, Lord Jeſu, come quickly! Thou art the welcomeſt Gueſt I know! How happy ſhall I be, if thou wilt lodge in this earthly Tabernacle! Happier, than if all the Angels of Heaven took up their Habitation here!

X.

O ye beſotted *Jews*, What makes you run ſo faſt to kill the Lord of Life? Ye cannot live without him, and what evil ſpirit doth poſſeſs you, to kill and murther him? Can you think of his Miracles, and do ſo? Can you reflect upon his Doctrine, and attempt ſuch Villanies? Can you remember, how he taught you in the Temple, even to Aſtoniſhment, and venture on ſuch Proceedings? Can you call

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to mind how he hath purged your Country of Devils, and your Sick of their Diseases, and suffer the Devil to enter into you.

XI.

O dreadful Spectacle! O that my Head were Water! Who will rise with me against the Wicked? O thou that art purer than the Lillies, purge me with Hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and my filthiness shall not be seen! O, bathe me in the Fountain opened for the House of *Judah*, and *Jerusalem*, and I shall look fairer than the Children, which fed on the Meat of the King of *Babylon*'s Table. O my God, I thirst for thee, as dry Land after Water. My Soul flies and flutters about, like *Noah*'s Dove, and can find no rest, till it gets into the Ark. *Great Gate of Mercy*, open to me; hide me from the wrath of an offended God, and make a Covenant of Peace with me. Ah! Who would not love thee, that hears thee pray for thy greatest Enemy.

XII.

O lovely Bridegroom of my Soul! wound

wound my Heart, that it may be ſick of Love. How kind art thou, even to thy moſt hard-hearted Foes! What a Motive is this to love thee! What needeſt thou care what becomes of ſtubborn Sinners! Why ſhouldſt thou trouble thy ſelf about Wretches, that will have none of thee, that will have their Dirt and Dung, and Traſh, and Husks, and preſer theſe Trifles before Heaven, and a Sea of Glory? Thou canſt live without the Society of Men; at leaſt, thou need'ſt no ſuch Company: Yet thou longeſt for their Pardon and Happineſs, as if they had been thy greateſt Friends. Was ever Goodneſs like this? O that my Thoughts and Contemplations might be always buſie about this Love! This is no vulgar Love, the Love of *David* to *Jonathan*; the Love of *Jacob* to *Rachel*; the Love of Brethren, Siſters, Friends, will bear no reſemblance here! *Moſes* his Love to the *Iſraelites*, for whoſe ſake, and ſo they might but continne in God's Favour, he was content to be blotted out of God's Book; and St. Paul's Wiſh to be even accurſed of Chriſt, for his Kinſmen of the Jewiſh Nation: Theſe Demonſtrations of Love come ſomewhat nearer; but ſtill thy Love, my deareſt Lord,

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ſurpaſſes all theſe, as the light of the Sun doth that of the Moon, and the leſſer Stars. They borrow'd their Love from thine, and lighted their Candle by thy brighter Fire; that which was exceſs of Love in them, was but a ſpark of that Charity, which overſpread thy larger Soul.

XIII.

They did but wiſh to dye for the People; thou didſt actually expire for their good: Their Love was confined to a ſingle Nation; thine extended to the whole World; theſe Men were ſtill their Friends, that they wiſh'd to be miſerable for; but thoſe thou ſuffereſt for, were thine Enemies: Their Love had great defects mingled with it; but thine was pure and ſpotleſs: Theirs had Clouds and Miſts to darken it; thine was all Light and Glory: Theirs was a ſudden tranſport, which might not laſt many days; but thine was conſtant to a Miracle, and thoſe whom thou lovedſt, thou lovedſt unto the end.

XIV.

XIV.

Great Emperor of Souls! Thou hangedſt betwixt Thieves, and not without reaſon; for thou ſtealeſt the Heart away. What Heart can ſee thy Beauty, and forbear being enamoured with it? Thou doſt raviſh my Soul with thine Eyes of pity. To ſee thee caſt a favourable look on ſuch a Monſter as I am; who can forbear falling in Love with ſo much Clemency? I am a Captive in this World. The Law of my Members makes me captive to the Law of Sin: O take me by force from that Priſon! O ſet me as a Seal upon thy Heart! Rule thou in my Members, erect a Trophy over my Head, and rejoyce in conquering me. O let me be content to undergo the Croſs, and reproach with thee! That thou mayeſt remember me now thou art in thy Kingdom! O remember me with the Favour thou beareſt unto thy People!

XV.

O my Jeſus! Who can hear thee cry, *I Thirſt*, and not wiſh for Rivers of Tears? What canſt thou thirſt for, but the Sal-

vation of Mankind? Thou cameſt for that purpoſe from Heaven; left'ſt thoſe brighter Manſions to invite poor Sinners to the mighty Banquet there. For this thou did'ſt travel up and down, and endured'ſt Cold and Hunger, and Wearineſs; for this thou wroughteſt Miracles; for this thou did'ſt intreat, rebuke, preach the Word in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon; for this thou could'ſt be content to want a place where to lay thy Head; for this thou taughteſt daily in the Temple, ſometimes on the Mount, ſometimes in a Ship, ſometimes in a Deſart, for this thy Soul did long; for this thou ſuffered'ſt; for this thou waſt buffeted, beaten, bruiſed and wounded, even becauſe thou would'ſt not give over calling poor deluded Sinners to a ſenſe of their Duty; for this thou thirſted'ſt here; the rude multitude fancies, it is either Water or ſome Cordial thou wiſheſt for: They meaſure thy condition by their own ſenſual Appetite. But they were purer deſires that glow'd in thy Breaſt. It is Water, indeed, thou thirſted'ſt for; but ſuch Water as *David* made his Bed to ſwim in. The Tears of a penitent Soul are the Wine thou longeſt for; they are the Drink the Son of God thirſts af-

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ter. Weep, weep, mine Eyes, that the Lord Jeſus may drink, and be ſatisfied! O Lord, I have given thee Gall to drink, I have offered thee the Cup of Trembling and Aſtoniſhment. Ah, bitter! Ah, wretched Drink! worſe than the fouleſt Ditch-water! Drink, my deareſt Lord, *Drink of the Brook by the Way.* Drink of theſe Tears: Drink of this Holy Water, I do ſhed. O, it is the Sweat of a grieved Soul; of a Soul weary of Sin, and heavy laden with the ſenſe of it! My Heart melts, my Soul diſſolves at the Thoughts of my Follies. Drink up this Heart of mine, and let it mingle with thy Bowels of Mercy. Here, Lord! accept of the Vows I offer thee! Behold, and viſit this Vine, which thine own right Hand hath planted: Shine upon it, Lord; let it bring forth pleaſant Grapes, no more Grapes of the Vine of *Sodom*; but Grapes ſweet, and which may cheer the Heart of God and Man.

XVI.

The Drink-Offerings I bring to thee, are inſatiable Deſires after thee, the moſt fervent Breathings of my Heart after thy Grace and Mercy. O, receive them graciouſly, and love me freely. I

bring no Rivers of Oyl, no Rams, no Bullocks with Horns and Hoofs. Thou desireſt not Sacrifice, else would I give it thee; thou delighteſt not in Burnt-Offerings: Thou wilt take no Bullock out of my Houſe, nor He-Goats out of my Folds; for every Beaſt of the Foreſt is thine, and ſo is the Cattel upon a Thouſand Hills. Thou knoweſt all the Fowls of the Mountains, and the Wild-Beaſts of the Field, are thine: If thou were hungry, thou wouldſt not tell me; for the World is thine, and the fulneſs thereof. Thou wilt not eat the Fleſh of Bulls, nor drink the Blood of Goats; but the Offerings thou expecteſt, are Thankſgivings, and paying my humble Vows to thy Divine Majeſty, and calling upon thee in the day of Trouble. O my God, my Soul fainteth for thee! When ſhall I come to appear before thee? My Soul is caſt down within me; When wilt thou comfort me? I long for thy Salvation; I hunger and thirſt after Righteouſneſs; I ſee Beauty and Splendor, and Excellency, in it, and would fain be cloathed with that Ornament. Thou deſerveſt my ſtrongeſt deſires, my moſt vigorous Breathings, my moſt lively Pantings after thee. Not to long after thee, is to be

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a Stranger to real Bliſs; not to follow hard after thee, is to be ignorant of thy Riches, and the plenty of thy Houſe. But what do I talk of deſires of a ſingle Heart? Would to God, that all Mankind might offer unto thee their reaſonable Service, thou deſerveſt it, and deſerveſt all the Love of Angels too. But thou deſireſt nothing ſo much as the Hearts of the Children of Men. The Angels are happy already, only Mankind lies ingulfed in miſery; and ſo great is thy Charity, that, having taken their Nature upon thee, thou would'ſt willingly make them equal with Angels.

XVII.

Great Darling of the Holy Trinity! What haſte doſt thou make to dye!

How doſt thou run to redeem the Sons of Men! Nothing can hold thee, nothing can reſtrain thee; not thine own Greatneſs, not thy Majeſty, not thy being the Son of God, not Love to thine own Preſervation. Thou didſt love me better than thy ſelf. How didſt thou fly to my deliverance! How doſt thou leap in to prevent my hurt! No Devils can fright thee, no danger terrifie thee,

no pain discourage thee, no anguish make thee afraid. Thou longest till the great Work be done. The other Malefactors, that are crucified with thee, (what Honour had these Wretches, and yet were not sensible of it! One, at last, opens his Eye, and sees it, and stands amazed: These) held out longer on the Gibbet, but thou bidst death come away, and seize thy Life! It's a Pleasure to thee to die. O, surprizing Mercy! Other Men seek to escape death as long as they can; they run away from the sight of the Monster: If they do but see the shadow of it, they tremble, and to them death is truly a King of Terrors. Thou goest out to meet it, as that which must put an end to thy Sufferings, and my misery. It's death to thee not to die. Thou chidest it for staying. Thou hast a Baptism to be baptized with; and, Oh, what would'st thou, that it were accomplish'd!

XVIII.

Ah, My Lord! I see thy dying Lips, from which dropt Speeches sweeter than Honey, and the Honey-comb. Death is going to close them up, yet, O, vouchsafe me

me a Look that may refresh my Soul. And now the Glory is departed from *Israel:* The Saviour of the World gives up the Ghost! O, let me die with thee! O, draw me after thee, and I shall live! I wonder not, that the Graves open at thy death, and the Rocks rend, and the Sun hides his Face; but I wonder the whole Earth did not dissolve, and Nature it self did not run into its primitive Chaos and Confusion.

XIX.

O, my Crucified Master! How ill art thou rewarded for thy Kindness? Thou wert Eyes to the Blind, and Feet to the Lame; thou wert a Father to the Poor, and a Staff to the Aged: Thou did'st cause the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy: Thou did'st deliver the Poor that cryed, the Fatherless, and him that had no helper. Unto thee, Men gave ear, and waited and kept silence at thy Counsel; after thy Words, they spake not again, and thy Speech dropp'd upon them: The naked deck'd themselves with the Wooll of thy Sheep, and thy door was open to the weary Traveller. But now, they that are younger than thou, have thee in deri-

ſion; and they that were Children of Fools, Children of baſe Men, Men viler than the Earth, gape upon thee: Thou art their Song, and art become their By-word; they abhor thee, and flee far from thee, and ſpare not to ſpit in thy Face: They marr thy Path, they ſet forward thy Calamity: Terrors are turned upon thee, they perſue thy Soul as the Wind; and thy welfare paſſes away as a Cloud.

XX.

O infinite Patience! Yet theſe Sinners are offered Salvation by him, whom they abuſed thus. Salvation! What do I hear! O, then there is hopes for me, for I have been one of thy Enemies! I have mock'd thee by my Sins; I have derided thy Sufferings by my contempt of thy Laws; I have ſcorn'd thee, by preferring mine own Will before thine; I have ſpit upon thee by my filthy Communications; I have abuſed thee by ſheltring my Sins under thy Croſs; I have diſhonoured thee by my Life, diſgraced thee by my careleſsneſs, buffeted thee by my impatience, affronted thee by my Pride, made light of thy Power and Goodneſs by my miſtruſt of thy Providence; undervalued

dervalued thy Love by my Affection to Vanity: And yet thou ſtretcheſt forth thine Arms to lay hold on me, art loth to ſee me periſh, unwilling to ſee me undone, and proclaimeſt Mercy to a forlorn Wretch! Bleſſed News! O King of Kings, thou cryeſt, *It is fulfilled*; the Work is done, the vaſt Work of Redemption; now thy Father's Anger is broke; now the Flood Gates of Indignation are ſhut; now Heaven ſtands open; now thy Father's Boſom is held out to all that thirſt after thee.

XXI.

Hear this, all ye Priſoners! Liſten to this Meſſage, ye guilty Souls! Come all that are laden with the ſenſe of Sin! Open the Door! Throw off your Chains! Run to this Rock! Make haſte to this Fountain! Kiſs this Son! Make much of this Light! Embrace this Mercy! Do you diſpute the thing? Do you queſtion whether you ſhall do it, or no? Is it poſſible you can ſtand out? Is it poſſible you can demur upon it? Is it poſſible your Hearts do not turn within you? Can you refuſe your Cordial? Neglect the Medicine that muſt recover you? Slight the Remedy

that must fetch you to life again? O Jesu! Thou hast done all things well? Thou hast made the Blind to see, and the Dumb to speak, and the Deaf to hear. O, open thou my Lips, and my Mouth shall shew forth thy Praise. Open thou mine Ears, and let me hear thy loving Kindness betimes in the morning. O, open thou mine Eyes, and I shall see how Sweet and Gracious thou art.

XXII.

O, my Life! Thou dyed'st; and dying, fulfilled'st thy Father's Will; for, indeed, it was fit, that one Man should dye for the People, and that the whole Nation perish not. Ah! What would Mankind have done, if thou had'st not paid the Ransom? Whither must they have fled for Refuge, if thou had'st not given thy self a Sacrifice? They must have wandred about in Caves and Dens, destitute, tormented, afflicted, disconsolate, lived in perpetual fear of Death, and the dreadful Consequences of it. Death must have been for ever a King of Terrors to them: If they had but look'd upon that Hell, that Death would have open'd into, how could they but have lived in perpetual horror!

horror! There could have been no hope of Mercy, no probability of Bliſs; their Souls would have been in Eternal Confuſion, always doubting, always afraid, always upon the rack. O, my Jeſu! Thou, through Death, haſt deliver'd them, who, through fear of Death, were all their life-time ſubject to Bondage! Thou haſt knok'd off their Shackles, looſed their Bands, freed their Souls, ſet their Spirits at Liberty! I feel the Power of thy Death. My heart takes Courage; O, let me riſe, with thee to Eternal Life! O, let me not lie in the Mire, but ſet my Feet upon a Rock, and eſtabliſh my Goings: I have gone aſtray like a loſt Sheep; O, ſeek thy Servant, that I may not forget thy Commandments!

XXIII.

Thou art the Bread, which came down from Heaven, and with the Bread in thy Sacred Supper, thou offereſt me all the Benefits of thy Death and Paſſion; ſuch a Feaſt haſt thou prepared for me! Such a Table haſt thou ſpread for me! My Soul is invited to ſup with the Lamb that was ſlain! What an Honour is this! What a Condeſcenſion is it! In this Sacrament thou erecteſt a Banner for me, bid'ſt me

ſit

ſit under thy Vine, and ſtrengthen my ſelf with the Fruit that drops from it. Were all the Fiſhes of the Sea, and all the Fowls of the Air, and all the Beaſt of the Field, dreſs'd for my Entertainment, it would not be ſo much as this plain, but Heavenly, Diet is. Tell not me of *Belſhazzar*'s Banquet, nor of *Ahaſhuerus*'s Feaſt, nor of the Rich Man's curious Diſhes; they are all Scraps and Offals to this Entertainment. Here my Bleſſed Redeemer courts my Soul; here he makes Love to a miſerable Sinner; here he preſents me with the Riches of his Merits: No *African* Gold, no *Eaſtern* Pearls, no *Indian* Stones, are to be compared with theſe. Here the Lord of Glory offers to marry me, to unite me to him to make an everlaſting Covenant with me, to be Fleſh of his Fleſh, and Bones of his Bones, promiſes to endow me with all his Goods, puts a Ring on my Finger, and bids me lie in his Boſom. This is Honour, this is Glory, this is Preferment, which no Royal Courts can give, no *Solomon* can afford, no Emperor grant, no Monarch confer, no King beſtow. This is the mighty Wedding-Feaſt, at which the Bleſſed Angels wait; how would they not be there, when their Maſter is Preſident, and Director

of

of the Banquet? This puts me in mind of all the admirable things thou haſt done for me; in this Bread are contracted all the Dainties and Delicacies imaginable.

XXIV.

O wonderful Love, that waſt not content to be known to me, but art willing to give thy ſelf for Food to me! What pains doſt thou take to melt my ſtubborn Heart! Thou art willing to live in me; thou art willing to be one with me, that I may not warp from thee. Thou art willing to be my Meat and Drink; not only my King to protect me, not only my Father to tender me, not only my Maſter to take care of me, not only my Saviour to ſnatch me out of the Burning Lake, not only my Mediator to ſecure me againſt Heavens Vengeance; but my Diet too; thou ſeeſt my Soul wants Meat proper for her Nature: Alas! the World cannot be that Meat: That's an heterogeneous thing: As well may Angels feed on Hay or Graſs, as my Soul on things that profit not. That which my Soul muſt feed on, muſt be ſomething Spiritual. Thou, O Jeſu! art that Great Spiritual Object my Soul muſt fix on; nothing elſe will

will content it: And when my Thoughts contemplate thee, when my Soul meditates of thy Charity, when my Affections love thee, when my Desires long for thee, when my Will submits to thy easie Yoke, when all my Faculties delight in thee, when thou appearest lovely and charming, and amiable to my mind; then, then, my Soul hath its proper Food, then it's like to live, then it's in a way to thrive, then it prospers, then it grows, then it gets a chearful Look, then the Angels visit it; the World perfectly sowres it, sensual Pleasures ruin it, Carnal Satisfactions make it meager. Thou, O Lord, thou alone, can'st make it flourish like the Palm-tree, and satisfie it with the Rivers of thy Pleasures.

XXV.

O, my Lord, how sweet is it to suck Honey out of this Rock! Thy Bread strengthens to a Miracle, and thy Blood makes Souls drunk. It is as the Dew of *Hermon*, and as the Dew that descends on the Mountains of *Zion*; for there the Lord commanded the Blessing, even Life for evermore. O, my God, I care not for *Abanar* and *Pharpar* now, not for the Rivers

Rivers of *Damaſcus*. I will ſtand under thy Croſs, and open my Mouth. O, do thou fill it! While others go to rejoyce in their Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, I will go to the Supper of the Lamb. Here, Lord, here is my Heart, ready to receive the Heavenly Food thou offereſt me. Awake, thou Eternal Spirit, awake, blow up my Garden, that the Spices may flow out! O, let this *Manna* ſatisfie my Taſte, that I may forget the Fleſh-Pots of *Egypt*. Behold, Lord, here I make a Vow, That if thou wilt give me this Bread to eat, which endures to Everlaſting Life, thou ſhalt be my God, I will ſerve no other Gods but thee; thou ſhalt command my Heart, my Deſires, and my Affections; and without thee, no no Paſſion ſhall lift up its Hand or Foot in all the Land of *Goſhen:* I will ſet thee over all that I have, and all ſhall be at thy diſpoſe.

Chriſt. I feel my Heart warmed with this Conſideration. I will now turn aſide, and ſee this great ſight, who it is that hangs upon the Croſs, and bleeds for my Sins. Oh! it is the Son of God; he that was in the Form of God, and thought it no Robbery to be equal with God,

God, but made himself of no Reputation, and took upon him the Form of a Servant, and became obedient to the Death of the Cross, that I might be made the Righteousness of God through him.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of the Particulars to be observed before we come to the Lords Table.

Conscience.

BUT is there nothing else to be done by way of Preparation for this Blessed Sacrament?

I.

Christ. O, yes! For I must, first, retire sometimes, and celebrate, and admire the Love of God to me in Christ Jesus, in some such Reflections as these:

Be astonish'd, ye Heavens, stand amazed, ye Choirs of Angels, at the condescension of my God. I have betray'd him to the *Philistines*; yet he loves the miserable Wretch, and so loves him, that he gives his Son to redeem him.

O God, What dost thou see in me? Nothing but Misery, nothing but Rags, nothing but Poverty; and yet thou lovest me!

I am

I am but Duſt and Aſhes, and will God vouchſafe a Gracious Look to ſo mean an Object? O Sovereign Being! Did'ſt thou ever behold a viler Creature than I am? And wilt thou go out of the common Road of Love, and ſpread thy Garments over me, and offer me thy Friendſhip?

O, Love! which *Cherubim* admire, and *Seraphim* adore! It paſſes Underſtanding: It goes beyond my Cognizance: It confounds my Reaſon: I admire the Love of a Prince to a Subject; but that will bear no Reſemblance to this Love!

God might have triumph'd in my Groans, glorified his Juſtice by my Stripes; but pity abounds in him, it hath no Banks, it flows at large, it's extended even to the moſt abject Creature, as I am.

O, Love! How humble art thou! How violent art thou! Thou breakeſt through all the Clouds of Heaven to come down. Thou foregoeſt the Rules of Greatneſs and Majeſty, to ſhew thy Glory. That the Eternal Son of God ſhould take Fleſh upon him, and die to give Life to the World! Oh, where can I parrallel this Love!

I will ſing of Love, I will ſpeak of Love, I will think of Love, my very Dreams ſhall be

be employ'd about it. O, that I could write Panegyricks of it! Were not my Tongue confined, it ſhould do nothing elſe but talk of Love.

Here is Love, to which all natural Sympathies muſt vail. I ſee no end thereof; the farther I go in the ſearch, the more I loſe my ſelf: But how ſhould a Creature find out the end of that which is infinite?

Where ſhall I find out the Spring of this mighty Stream? Where ſhall I find the beginning of it? Alas! The line of Reaſon is too ſhort! There is no fathoming of this Depth. Who can ſearch into the receſſes of Eternity? In that vaſt Abyſs, the Head of this great River lies; but who ſhall dive into it? It's enough that I am ſo happy as to be acquainted with it: It's enough that the Almighty hath revealed it unto Babes; even ſo, Father, it ſeemed good in thy ſight. I can give no reaſon of it. Thy Love, Lord, was the cauſe of this Love; thy Love was the motive: Nothing elſe could be any enforcive. I am ſenſible thou art merciful, becauſe thou wilt be merciful.

O, thou Eternal Wiſdom, whom the Lord poſſeſſed in the beginning of his way, before his Works of old, who waſt ſet up for everlaſting, from the beginning

or

or ever the Earth was; when there were no depths, thou waſt brought forth; when there were no Fountains abounding with Water, before the Mountains were ſetled, before the Hills, waſt thou brought forth, while as yet he had not made the Earth, nor the Fields, nor the higheſt part of the Duſt of the World; who waſt there when he prepared the Heavens, when he ſet a compaſs upon the face of the Depth, when he eſtabliſh'd the Clouds above, when he ſtrengthened the Deep, when he gave to the Sea his Decree, that the Waters ſhould not paſs his Commandment: O thou who waſt by him, as one brought up with him, who waſt daily his delight, rejoycing always before him, enlighten my Mind, that I may have clearer Apprehenſion of this Charity!

Ariſe, my Thoughts! Awake up, my Glory! See, O my Soul, how that Love ſmiles upon thee! See how bright, how clear, how charming, it is! See how Devils tremble at it! See how they grin and fret, to think they muſt have no ſhare in it! See what Glorious Beams it darts on penitent Sinners! See how it warms their Hearts! See how it follows them, how loth it is to leave them! See how it adjures them, and how importunate it is with

with them, to ſuffer themſelves to be conquered by it.

II.

I muſt examine my ſelf, not only what, and where, and when, and how, I have (eſpecially of late,) been acting againſt God, and affronted his Goodneſs, Mercy, and Patience; and what Sorrow, Grief, and Fear, theſe particular Offences have cauſed in me; but whether I am unfeignedly reſolv'd to part with all theſe particular Sins, I am moſt prone and inclined to; whether my Heart and purpoſe be fix'd to know the Will of God, and to do it; whether I do ſincerely, and without Reſervation, intend, for the future, to prefer God's Will before my Will, and his Favour before the Favour of Men; and whether I do in good earneſt deſign to forgo my Profit, Gain, or Intereſt, in the World, rather than to do any thing that is diſpleaſing to God; whether I do truly prize the Love of God above all the Riches of this World, and ſee greater Beauty in that Holineſs, to which I am invited by this Love, than in all the Gaudes and Satisfaction of the World. And if I do, and my Conſcience bears me Witneſs of it,

I may

I may chearfully go to the Lord's Table, and expect the Benefits that are offered there.

III.

If I have done any ſignal wrong to my Neighbour, I muſt make him either Reſtitution or Satisfaction; I muſt either reſtore to him, what I have cheated or wronged him in, or have ſecretly, and againſt his Will, taken away from him: Or, if I am not able to reſtore, make confeſſion of the Fault, and beg his Forgiveneſs. I muſt be reconciled to him, if I have offended him, or given him juſt occaſion to be angry; and if after that Attempt, he will ſtill keep his Anger, I have delivered my own Soul.

I muſt let my Neighbour know, that I do as truly forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven of Chriſt Jeſus; and to be as ready to give, as my Neighbour to ask my Pardon.

I muſt remember, how God hath entailed his Pardon upon mine; and if I forgive not from my Heart, neither will my Heavenly Father forgive my Treſpaſſes. If I have abuſed my Neighbour, either in Words or Deeds, and he either hath

hath receiv'd, or is like to receive, any prejudice by it, I muſt not be aſhamed to acknowledge my Error, but prefer a quiet Conſcience before my Reputation in the World.

IV.

I muſt ſurvey the bitter Sufferings of my Bleſſed Saviour, as they are laid down and deſcribed by the Evangeliſts. I muſt follow him into the Garden of *Gethſemane*, and go up with him to the Mount of Olives, and there behold, how his Heart was troubled, and how the fears of Death fell upon him; how his Soul was fill'd with Sorrow, and how his Life drew near unto the Grave; how he trod the Wine-preſs of God's Anger alone, and humbled himſelf before his Father; how, as *Man*, he begg'd, that the Cup might paſs from him, and yet, as *Mediator*, freely conſented to his Father's Will; how Diſtreſs and Anguiſh came upon him, and in the mid'ſt of thoſe Miſeries, the weary Diſciples fell aſleep; how he wept and mourned, and ſweat Drops of Blood; and how Hell opened her Mouth upon him; how he bore our Griefs, and took the Chaſtiſement of our

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our Peace upon him; how he drank the bitter Cup, and his Heart within him became as melting Wax, how he was led to *Annas*, and he to whom all the Angels in Heaven bowed, ſtood before a ſinful Man; how from *Annas* he was dragg'd to *Caiaphas*, and, like a Lamb, led to the Slaughter; how he was accuſed before *Pontius Pilate*, and there beſpatter'd with all the ill Language that Men or Devils could invent; how he was ſet at nought by *Herod*, and in ſcorn deck'd with a Purple Robe; how from thence he returned to *Pilate*, and thereupon was ſcourged, and crowned with Thorns; how after this he bore his Croſs, and was actually Crucified; how he was made to drink Gall and Vinegar, and, at laſt, bowed the Head, and died.

But then, I muſt not only barely ſurvey theſe Sufferings, but reflect, at the ſame time, upon my Sins that procured them; and accuſe, not only my groſſer Sins, if I have been guilty of any, but my leſſer Errors, of uſing the Son of God ſo barbarouſly: I muſt not reflect upon his bloody Sweat, without thinking of my proud Thoughts, and Speeches, and Actions, that pull'd it on him; nor upon his

His Wounds, without beating my Breaſt for my Envy and Malice, and revengeful Deſires that cauſed them; nor upon the Crown of Thorns, without deteſting my intemperance, and ſiniſter Deſigns in doing good, and affectation of vain-Glory, that ſet it on His Head; nor on the Nails that tore His Fleſh, without taking a view of my Pettiſhneſs, and Peeviſhneſs, and Impatience; which ſtruck them in; nor upon the Spear that opened His Side, without entertaining ſome diſmal thoughts of my neglect of Meditation, and Prayer, and fervency of Spirit, and Diſcourſes, and bearing of Injuries, and holy Heavenly Thoughts; nor upon His Tears, without looking ſtern upon my ſlight and ſuperficial Performances: For all theſe help'd towards His Death and Agonies.

V.

I muſt ſhew my willingneſs to imitate Chriſt Jeſus, by doing ſome good Work, if health and ſtrength do give me leave. This muſt be the firſt-fruits of my future treading in His ſteps, and will make my coming to the Holy Sacrament more comfortable. I muſt in this imitate the Wo-

Man that poured out the Ointment on Christ's Head, before His Sufferings began; and Christ himself, who wash'd His Disciples Feet, before he refreshed their Souls with the Holy Sacrament. I must either *free some Prisoner*, to testifie my Resentment of the Mercy Christ shewed me, in freeing me from the Bondage of the Devil; or *relieve some poor Family*, to express my Sense of Christ's relieving my Soul in the greatest strait; or *impart some good Counsel to a wicked and careless Neighbour*, to shew, how kind Christ was in visiting me with his Admonitions; or *visit some Sick Persons that are under great distress*, and comfort them, or help them, or give them, or procure them, some Physick that may do them good, if they be needy; to shew, how sensible I am of Christ's being my Physician: Or *forgive some small Debt* a poor Man owes me, to shew, how I rejoyce at Christ's forgiving me Ten thousand Talents; or *visit a Man that hates me, and behave my self most courteously to him*, to see, whether his Heart will melt, and come to a better temper, thereby to express my sense of Christ's Love to me, that have been His Enemy; or *give a good Book to one that hath no Money to buy one*, to shew my sense of Christ's seed-

feeding me with the Word of Life; or *deny my self in a lawful Recreation*, or lawful Ornament, or lawful Meal, to shew I am sensible, how Christ hath denied himself for my sake; or *pray earnestly for the conversion of a Person I have no acquaintance with*, and whom I hear to be very vitious, to express my sense of Christ's Care of my Salvation.

VI.

I must frequently pray, that God would give me a Heart to breath and pant after Him, and particularly, a Heart to esteem and prize his Love manifested in this Sacrament, above all the Pleasures of this World; that He would give me a Faith active and vigorous, and which may press through all Impediments, and purifie my Heart and Life, and forget what is behind it; that He would give me a contrite Spirit, and Grace to tremble at His Word and Threatnings; that He would give me Courage to undervalue and despise the World, and the Glories and Vanities of it; that He would give me a burning Zeal to His Glory, a transcendent Love to His Name, and Ways, and Ordinances; that He would make me sincere in Devo-

tion, in Prayer, and in all good Works, and baniſh from me all ſiniſter and worldly ends and deſigns in Holy Performances; that He would give me, firſt, reſolution to imitate the Saints of old, and the beſt Examples at this day, and to ſtop my Ears againſt all the Suggeſtions of Fleſh and Blood to the contrary; that He would give me a mind, which may delight in Contemplating the Divine Goodneſs and Perfection, and would teach me the great Art of Self-Reſignation, of truſting Him with my Soul and Body, and of relying intirely upon His Providence.

VII.

I muſt reſolve (and unfeignedly upon my bended Knees, or in a very ſolemn manner,) to watch and ſtrive for the future, againſt thoſe particular Sins and Errors, and ſinful Inclinations I am moſt inclined to; if I have neglected ſuch a Self-denial, to neglect it no more; if I have been guilty of ſuch Acts of Pride, and Envy, and Ill-nature, to be guilty of them no more; if I have been careleſs and ſlovenly in my Prayers, to be ſo no more; if I have pleaſed my ſelf with vain Thoughts, to pleaſe my ſelf with them no more; if I have

have delighted in fine Cloaths, to delight in them no more; if I have been falſe to my Vows and Promiſes, to be falſe to them no more; if I have made nothing of ill Names and ill Language, to dread it like Poiſon for the future; I muſt reſolve to mortifie ſuch a habit of Sin with rigours, with being unkind to my Fleſh, with Faſting, and with mulcts of Money; if I commit but a ſingle act of Sin, I muſt reſolve to uſe the proper means to ſubdue ſuch a corruption; I muſt reſolve to avoid that Company, where I am, and have been, apt to yield to a certain Sin; I muſt reſolve to ſpend my time better; and if I have ſpent too much of it in Dreſſing, in Pleaſure, in Carding and Dice, *&c.* to do ſo no more, whatever diſgrace, diſreſpect, or frowns I may meet with from the World, or from mine Acquaintance; and if I have been careleſs of meditating, and being ſerious on the Lords Day, to make a better Improvement of that Day. And I muſt ſo reſolve, as to think my ſelf concerned to fulfil and perform my ſolemn Reſolution, unto which I have call'd God as a Witneſs.

VIII.

I must watch against all things, that would discompose and disorder my Mind, put me into a Rage or Passion, and make me peevish and discontented, and consequently, unfit for the worthy Receiving of this Sacrament. I must labour to preserve a Calmness, and Serenity of Mind; and that neither multitude of worldly Business do distract me, nor Injuries past and gone discompose me, or put me into impatient Thoughts and Expressions, nor present Disappointments rob me of my quiet. I must watch against Impediments, that would tempt me to delay my coming to this Table, and take heed I do not yield to Temptations, that would make me neglect the opportunity put into my hand, of making Peace with God, and mine own Conscience. I must reject Suggestions of this nature, and regard more the necessary Concerns of my Soul, than things, that, at the best, are but sensual satisfactions.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Of the Particulars to be observed when we are at the Lords Table.

Conscience.

AND what must thy Thoughts be? And, What Frame must thy Heart be in, when thou comest to the Holy Table of the Lord?

Christ. I must,

I.

Employ my Soul in Holy Ejaculations; such as these:

O! Who will give me to drink of the Water of the Well of *Bethlehem!* Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? How shall I bow my self before the most High? Shall I come before him with Burnt-Offerings, with Calves of a Year old?

O my Lord! Thou hast shew'd me what is good; and what dost Thou require of me, but to do justly, to shew Mercy, and to walk humbly with my God? O my God! I bring an humble Heart,

a Soul that desires to lie low before Thee; a Soul that longs to be clean, and to be washed in the Blood of the Lamb; a Soul weary of Sin, that sees no comfort, no satisfaction, no content in things below; but beholds afar off the Treasures of Consolation, that lie hid in Christ Jesus.

These are things to be desired: These are Mercies worth having: These enrich Bankrupt Souls; with these, Pardon is purchased, and Heaven is procured. O give me a Title to them! Thou that art the true Morning Star, O shine upon me! O enlighten me! O let me feel Thy comfortable Beams! These burn not, these scorch not; but sanctifie, and polish, and adorn.

I have seen an end of all Perfection: But Thy Merits are exceeding broad; they enlarge Heaven, subdue Death, conquer Hell, expel Devils, and make God my Friend.

How have I doted on the Vanities of this World! They are Bubbles, all: But Thou, sweet Jesu, art perfect Beauty, a Fountain of Joy, which never wants Water, never dries up, never fails, and never dies.

How much better is it to be here in the Courts of the Lord, than in the Tents of

of the proudeſt Monarchs! One day here is better than a thouſand elſewhere.

Here God bows to poor Sinners! Here infinite Majeſty converſes with Duſt and Aſhes! Here the King of Heaven is not aſhamed to call ſuch poor Worms, as we are, Brethren!

How different are the ways of God from the ways of Men! They ſhun a *Lazarus*, and a Beggar; God receives them: And the Soul that's ſenſible of her Poverty, and begs to be enrich'd, is refreſh'd by him, and invited into his boſom.

How lovely art Thou, my great Redeemer! How amiable! How kind! How beautiful! Therefore do the Virgins love Thee.

Could there be greater Love, than to ſpill Thy Blood for me? Could there be greater Charity than to die for me? What Miracles of Mercy are theſe?

I come to beg an Alms at thine hands; it's too great a Gift for me to ask, but not too great for Thee to give; for it is Thy Self I beg.

O warm my Heart! Touch it with a Coal from the Altar! O kindle holy Fire in my Breaſt! Burn up the Droſs and Tin there, and let nothing but pure Gold re-

main. Let Love prevail. O, change my Heart into fervent Love, and turn all my Faculties into Charity!

II.

I must joyn with the Congregation in their Prayers; I must put my Perfumes into that common Censure, that the Holy Smoak may go up with joyned Force to the Throne of Mercy.

I must not come behind my Fellow-Members in Zeal, and Earnestness.

They pray for the Prosperity of the Universal Church, that God would guide her by His Holy Spirit; so must I.

They pray for all Christian Kings and Princes, that they may promote the Glory of God, and the Churches welfare; so must I.

They pray for the Ministers of God's Holy Word, that they may be found in the Faith, and Patterns of Holiness; so must I.

They pray for all distressed Members of Christ, that the Consolations of Christ may abound in them; so must I.

They prostrate themselves in Holy Confessions of their Sins, and pray for Re-

Remiſſion and Pardon, and Sanctification; ſo muſt I.

They pray to be made Partakers of the Benefits of Chriſt's Body and Blood, ſo muſt I.

III.

I muſt ſhew my Compaſſion to the Poor, by contributing to their Neceſſities, if I am able.

I muſt remember, how poor, how wretched, how naked, how miſerable I was, when the Son of God firſt took pity on me, being yet in the Loins of my Father *Adam*.

I muſt conſider, that my ſelf at this inſtant am lying at the Pool of *Betheſda*, waiting for the Angel of the Covenant to come down and ſtir the Waters, that I may be healed.

I muſt look upon my ſelf as a Perſon full of Sores and Sickneſs, and reflect, that I come to be cured for God's ſake, by the Great Phyſician of Souls.

From my ſelf, I muſt look down on the Poor, that want my help; and as I would have my Great Maſter have Compaſſion on me, ſo muſt I have Compaſſion on my Fellow-Servants.

IV.

I must at this time resist all worldly thoughts, and bid my Oxen, and my Farms, and my Domestick Affairs, stand aloof, like Lepers, that must not come near a place so full of Majesty, and a Work so big with Wonders.

I must with *Mary* chuse the better part, and look upon *Martha*'s serving as unseasonable.

I must lay aside Contrivances, how to make a Bargain with my Neighbour, and know no other Covenant, but what I am making with God in the Blood of Jesus.

I must not think of my Trade and Transfick; but remember, it is for the Pearl of Price that I am trading now, and laying out my Strength and Labour.

I must not be disturbed with a desperate Debt, that's owing me; but remember the Debts I owe to God, and how I do expect, that at this time they should be struck out, and cancell'd for ever.

I must not now torment my self about a livelihood, when I come to get a Title to a Life of everlasting Glory.

I must not now think how to get Bread; and make provision for my Family; but rather

rather reflect with Joy, what large provision the Almighty makes for my Soul, and what Care He takes to make me a Son of God, an Heir of Heaven, and Coheir with Christ.

When sensual thoughts fly through my Mind at this time, I must continue to say to them, Arise, and depart, for here shall not be your rest.

V.

I must now make some Spiritual reflections on the breaking of the Bread, and upon pouring out of the Holy Wine.

On the Breaking of the Bread.

Behold, O my Soul, thus was thy Blessed Saviour's Body broken; thus was His unspotted Flesh torn asunder. O my Sins, ye did this barbarous Act. The Jews were but the external Instruments, ye were the fatal Causes of that torture! Had it not been for you, the Crown of Thorns had never wounded that Sacred Head.

Break, my Heart, Break; it is a dismal sight! A broken Heart is a Sacrifice, which

which He, that was broke upon the account of thy Sins, will not despise.

Nay, He will comfort the humble Soul, and the contrite Spirit; He will pour Wine and Oyl into its Wounds, supple it with Balm, heal it with His Death, and make it whole by His Agonies.

See here, O my Soul, the Bread which is broke, is it not the Communion of the Body of Christ? See how many broken pieces are here, which all make but one Loaf. So thou, and thy Fellow-Believers, make one mystical Body, whereof the Crucified Jesus is Head and Governor, who influences the Body by his Spirit, and from his Fulness dispenses Grace for Grace.

Rejoyce, O my Soul! For now the Waves and Billows of God's Wrath are laid. The Storm of Vengeance is hush'd, the Thunder is gone, the Clouds clear up, thy broken Saviour hath turn'd the Sound of the Trumpet of War into a still small Voice.

O break with him no more! O preserve that Friendship, which was so dearly bought! A Friendship purchased by Blood sure must never dye. Thou art his Friend, O do not become his Enemy again, for fear he be never Friends with thee again.

On

On the pouring out of the Holy Wine.

Thus, O my Soul, thus flow'd the precious Blood of the tormented Jesus! In such Streams it issued from his wounded Body! Thus was the costly Juice let out! Thus the rich Veins emptied themselves of their Treasure, and all, that thou mightest be clean.

And, O *Jerusalem! Wilt thou be clean? When shall it once be?* When God makes use of His own Blood to purifie thee, O my Soul, Wilt thou wallow still in thy Dung and Nastiness? This would be inexcusable. Arise, wash thy self in this *Jordan*, and thy Flesh shall come again, like unto the Flesh of a little Child.

O my Soul! Had not this Blood been shed, there had been no Remission of Sins. From the shedding of this Blood, date thy Happiness; when God saw this Blood, the Tide turned, and thy offended Father looked on thee with a merciful Face.

How sweet is this Blood! It nourishes unto Eternal Life.

How high the value of it! It redeemed a whole World.

How wholesom! It expels all Sicknesses.

What

What pity was it, that the leaſt drop of it ſhould fall upon the Ground! It was fit to be received by the hands of Angels! But the Earth, on which ſinful Men walk'd, was defiled and curſed; and therefore it muſt fall upon it to take away the Curſe, Man's Sin had made it ſubject to.

O precious Blood! Drop, drop, upon my Soul! Let me feel thy Virtue! Drive out the Curſe, water this barren Ground, that hath brought forth Bryars, and Thorns, and let it bring forth pleaſant Fruit again.

VI.

When I receive the Holy Bread, my Mind muſt vent it ſelf in ſome ſuch Breathings as theſe:

O my Lord, I do remember with Joy and Grief, that thy Body was Crucified for me, the meaneſt of thy Servants. I remember it with Joy, becauſe thy Love is wonderful. O, How vehement, how violent, was it to love an Enemy, and by that Love to charm me into Obedience! I remember it with Grief, becauſe my Sins were thy Murtherers. O my Lord, I will ſtand out againſt thy Offers of Grace no longer. Here, take my Heart: I ſolemnly

ſolemnly reſolve to dedicate my ſelf, and all I have, to thy Service.

Or,

O God! This Sacred Bread puts me in mind, how the Lamb of God was offered for me. Do I believe this, and ſhall not my Soul make thee her higheſt, and her chiefeſt Good? O my God, I take thee here, not only for my Saviour, but for my King and Maſter too. Come, Holy Spirit, rule my Heart; for I will henceforward ſerve no other Gods but the Great *Jehovah* alone, who loved me, and gave himſelf for me.

Or,

O my Jeſus! My Life! My Joy! My Comfort! Thou diedſt that I might live. I remember it, and adore thy Majeſty in miſery. O make me thine, and as this Bread doth mingle with my Subſtance; ſo let thy Spirit mingle with my Soul, that the ſame Mind may be in me, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus.

Or,

Look upon this Bread, O my Soul! It repreſents the bleeding Body of thy deareſt Lord. Bleed, O my Heart! Give thy ſelf up

up to him that groaned for thee. It's done, O God, neither Death, nor Life, ſhall ſeparate me from the Love of God, which is in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord.

VII.

When I receive the Holy Wine, my Thoughts muſt ſtill be at work, and addreſs themſelves to God in Chriſt Jeſus, ſome ſuch way as this:

Either,

O Jeſu, I thankfully remember, that Thy Blood was ſpilt for me; What am I? And, What is my Fathers Houſe, that Thou haſt brought me thus far? Thou haſt loved me better than I have done my ſelf! O my Lord, give me Thy ſweet, Thy tender, Thy free, Thy humble Spirit, that I may be one with Thee, and deſire nothing on Earth beſides Thee.

Or,

O Bleſſed Balſom of my wounded Heart! Welcom, thou Sovereign Salve! How ſeaſonable is this Medicine! I dye if Thy Blood relieve me not. O waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than Snow. I have

have deſerved to drink the Cup of Trembling and Aſtoniſhment, and thou holdeſt out to me the Cup of Salvation. O my Soul, remember who it is that is ſo kind to thee. O eſteem, adore, magnifie, and love him for ever.

Or,

O Thou Bleſſed Shepherd of my Soul! How ought I to bluſh, when I think of Thy Blood, which my Sins did ſpill! Thou haſt turned my Darkneſs into Light, and my Treaſon into Antidote. Thou cureſt me by Contradictions, and the Blood, my Sins have drawn from Thy Fleſh, is become the only Refuge I have in the Day of Wrath. O look upon Thy own Blood, and hide me in Thy Wounds. I know not how to prize Thy Favour; O do Thou teach me to do great things for Thee, to deny my ſelf, to take up my Croſs, and to follow Thee.

Or,

O my Lord! By Thy Tears, and by Thy Blood Thou abjureſt me this day to imitate Thee in Thy Graces, in Thy Meekneſs, in Thy Patience, in Thy Humility, in Thy Charity, in Thy Contempt of the World, and in Thy Heavenly Mindedneſs. My Heart is fixed, O God! My Heart is fixed, I will ſing and give Praiſe. Thou

ſhalt

ſhalt be my Pattern. Here under thy Croſs I promiſe Obedience and Conformity to thy Graces. O do thou help me! O aſſiſt me! uphold me with thy free Spirit; ſo ſhall I teach Tranſgreſſors thy Way, and Sinners ſhall be converted unto thee.

Or,

Great Biſhop of my Soul, who haſt left the Ninety and nine in the Wilderneſs, and art come to ſeek this ſtraying Sheep! Behold, Lord, the Prodigal is coming home again! Thou comeſt toward me bleeding, groaning, dying; thou comeſt to receive him that has forſaken thee, to draw him that hath fled from thee, to kiſs him that did ſcourge thee, to crown him that did prick thee, to embrace him that did crucifie thee, to revive him that did kill thee, and to love him that did hate thee. O ſtupendous Mercy! Henceforward no vain Glory, no Worldly Pomp, no outward Riches, no Smiles of Great Men, no outward Comfort, ſhall have ſo much of my Heart as thy ſweet Self. O encreaſe my Faith, my Hope, my Love, my Charity; make my Soul a Temple of the Holy Ghoſt! O come, come, thou Bridegroom of my Soul, come and dwell in me for ever!

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Particulars to be observed after we have been at the Lords Table.

Conscience.

AND is this all, that is to be observed upon this occasion?

Christ. No: For after I have been made Partaker of these Mysteries and Tokens of God's Love, I must,

I.

Bless God for the opportunity I have had of going with the Multitude to the House of God, with the Voice of Joy and Praise, with the Multitude which keeps Holy-day.

I must magnifie his Goodness, who so loved the World, as to give his only Begotten Son, to the end, that all those, that believe in him, should not perish:

I must summon my thoughts to enter into some such Meditation as this:

Whence

Whence is it, that the King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords, in whose Eyes the very Angels are not pure, should come to visit such a Wretch as I? O my Lord! To whom doest Thou stoop! What is that Creature, that Thou bowest thus low to? A Den of Thieves, an Habitation of Vipers, a Vessel of Dishonour! O, how often have I polluted my self, even after Thou hast washed me! Is it possible, that God will dwell in such a polluted House? Is it possible, that God will come and Feast, and Sup, with such an unprofitable Servant! O my Soul! It is not only possible, but thy Lord hath done it to day: Thine Eyes have seen the mighty Works of thy Redeemer. Thou hast seen him converse to day with a Wretch, that hath undone what God hath done, hath rendred him Evil for Good, and Hatred for His Good Will. Thou hast seen thy Lord this day, vouchsafing to sit with one who is full of Bruises and putrefying Sores, and those not bound up, nor mollified with Ointment.

Alas, my Lord! I have abused the mighty Creator, to please a Murtherer; affronted the Great Preserver of Men, to please a Friend; and undervalued him, that call'd me to Salvation, to please an usur-

 ping

ping Tyrant. I can give no reaſon why I have offended Thee, except it be Thy Goodneſs and Patience; and could fair Weather make me angry.

What didſt Thou ſee in me, Lord! that ſhould attract Thee, and make Thee leave the higheſt Heavens to deſcend into an Abyſs of Miſery?

O my Jeſus! Water my Soul with the Tears Thou haſt ſhed, anoint me with the Myrrh of Thy Grief and Sorrow, tye me by Thy Bonds, let Thy Scourges ſoften my Heart, let Thy Deriſions ſtrengthen me, let Thy Croſs raiſe me; Reign over me, do with me what ſeems good to Thy Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs. O let me never depart from Thee: Let not the Creature draw me more than the Creator, Vanity more than Eternity, Miſery more than Felicity, Filthineſs more than Beauty, Slavery more than Greatneſs, Bitterneſs more than Sweetneſs. My Beloved is mine, and I am his; he feeds among the Lilies. O that thou wert as my Brother that ſuck'd the Breaſts of my Mother, I would kiſs Thee, yea, I ſhould not be deſpiſed.

O Lord! all my deſire is before Thee, take away from me whatever doth diſpleaſe Thee. Give me an humble Heart, that

that I may be content to be counted as Dung for thy ſake: Give me an obedient Heart, that I may be intirely guided by thee: Give me a ſtrong Heart, that I may chearfully bear whatever thy hand lays upon me: Give me a tender Heart, that I may be kindly affectionate to my Neighbour: Give me a free Heart, that nothing may hinder me from running to thee: Give me a Heart of Fleſh, that I may love thee perfectly.

Praiſe ye the Lord. I will praiſe the Lord with my whole Heart in the Aſſembly of the Upright, and in the Congregation. The Works of the Lord are great, ſought out of all them that have pleaſure therein: His Work is honourable and glorious, and his Righteouſneſs endureth for ever. He hath made his wonderful Works to be remembered. The Lord is Gracious and full of Compaſſion, he hath given Meat to them that fear him, he will ever be mindful of his Covenant; he hath ſhewed his People the Power of his Works, that he may give them the Heritage of the Heathen. The Works of his Hands are Verity and Judgment; all his Commandments are ſure, they ſtand faſt for ever and ever, and are done in Truth and Uprightneſs. He ſent Redemption unto his People:

He

He hath commanded his Covenant for ever: Holy and Reverend is his Name: He raiſes the Poor out of the Duſt, and lifts the Needy out of the Dunghil, that he may ſet him with Princes, even with the Princes of his People. Praiſe ye the Lord.

II.

I muſt pray for the Congregation, and my Fellow-Chriſtians, that do eat of the ſame Bread, and drink of the ſame Cup with me, that they may all be ſatisfied, as with Marrow and Fatneſs, and their Souls may live.

I muſt beg, that none of them may receive the Grace of God in vain; that they may keep and ſtand to the Condition of the Covenant they have made or renew'd with God, that they may indeed fight for the future againſt the World, the Fleſh and the Devil, and be more than Conquerors, through him that loved them, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

My Love to Chriſt muſt conſtrain me to wiſh and beg, that every Man may love him, elſe he doth not appear truly lovely to me.

I muſt entreat the Father of Mercies to diſpenſe his Spirit abundantly at this time, that the Love of Chriſt prevailing may pull down in my Fellow-Receivers all the Strongholds of Iniquity, and all Imaginations which exalt themſelves againſt the Obedience of Chriſt Jeſus: That Chriſt may reign victoriouſly in every one of them, live in them,

act in them, govern them by his Spirit, that they may indeed bring forth the Fruits of the Spirit, Love, Joy, Peace, Goodneſs, Faith, Gentleneſs, Meekneſs, Temperance, *&c.*

I muſt be importunate with God to make them all Partakers of the Benefits of Chriſt's Death and Paſſion, even of that Pardon and Peace, and Salvation, he hath purchaſed, and cauſe them to walk worthy of it, like Perſons that are ſenſible of the greatneſs of the Favour, and the depth, and breadth, and length, and height, of the Love of God, and conſequently may be fill'd with all the Fulneſs of God.

III.

I muſt be thankful for the Honour I have received at ſuch a time. I muſt look upon't as more than ordinary Preferment, that God hath vouchſafed me a place at his Table, admitted me into the number of his Children, made me Partaker of the promiſes of the Goſpel, open'd his Boſom to me, received me into Favour, aſſiſted me with the Spirit, given me a Right to the Tree of Life; and viſited me with his Salvation.

Here the Words of *David* may juſtly be applied, my Soul ſhall joy in thy Strength, O Lord; and in thy Salvation, how greatly may I rejoyce! Thou haſt given me my hearts deſire, and haſt not withheld the Requeſt of my Lips! thou haſt prevented me with the

the Bleſſings of Goodneſs, thou ſetteſt a Crown of pure Gold on my Head. I ask'd Life of thee, and thou gaveſt me, even length of days for ever and ever. My Glory is great in thy Salvation, Honor and Majeſty haſt thou laid upon me; for thou haſt made me Bleſſed for ever. Thou haſt made me exceeding glad with thy Countenance. Therefore will I truſt in the Lord, and, through the Mercy of the moſt high, I ſhall not miſcarry. Thine hand ſhall find out all my Spiritual Enemies, thy right hand ſhall find out all thoſe that hate thee. Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own Strength, ſo will we ſing and praiſe thy Power.

IV.

I muſt go home rejoycing, and praiſing God. Praiſe is comely for the Upright; the poor Cripple did ſo when he was healed, and have not I far greater reaſon to do ſo? Behold, I am healed at this time from mine Infirmity, and ſhall not his Praiſe be continually in my Mouth?

I muſt ſay in my Heart, my Soul doth magnifie the Lord, and my Spirit rejoyces in God, my Salvation? I will extol thee, O God, my King, and I will praiſe thy Name for ever and ever. Every day I will bleſs thee, and praiſe thy Name for ever and ever. O, all ye that fear the Lord, come, and I will tell ye, what he hath done for my Soul. His Love

hath overcome my Corruption, his fervent Charity my Coldneſs, his Goodneſs my Sins and Follies. Except the Lord had been on my ſide, now might I ſay, if the Lord had not been on my ſide, when Temptations and Corruptions roſe up againſt me, then they had ſwallowed me up quick, when their Wrath was kindled againſt me, then the Waters had overwhelm'd me, the Stream had gone over my Soul: Bleſſed be the Lord, who hath not given me over as a Prey unto their Teeth. My Soul is eſcaped as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowlers; the Snare is broken, and I am eſcaped. My help is in the Name of the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth.

V.

Being made whole, I muſt, for the future, take heed, and ſin wilfully no more: Having waſhed my Feet, I muſt not defile 'em again.

I muſt ſtand upon my watch, & ſhun thoſe Occaſions which formerly led me into ſin.

I muſt be cautious and afraid of an ill Word, as much as of an evil Action, and my very Thoughts muſt be purged from that filth, that uſed to cleave to them.

I muſt ſtrangle an evil Suggeſtion in its Birth, and when I find any motion riſing in my mind, that looks like Envy, or Pride, or deſire of Vain-glory, or Greedineſs after the World, I muſt check it upon its firſt appearance.

I muſt

I must bid an eternal farewel to Unbelief and Mistrust of God's Providence, and shun those sinful Compliances with Men, which heretofore I was used to be guilty of.

I must not only watch against grosser Sins, and such as Jews and Heathens can avoid, but against the secret Disorders and Errors of my Heart, which none sees but God, who is over all, Blessed for evermore.

VI.

I must frequently compare my Actions & Behaviour with the Vow and Promise, and solemn Resolution I have made in the Holy Sacrament, whether my Deportment be agreable to those Engagements; whether I stand in awe of those Vows and Promises; and whether they influence my Thoughts, and Words and Practices; whether my hatred of Sin encreases, and my love to Holiness grows steady and unmovable; whether I check my self, upon feeling an Inclination or Propensity to a sinful Act, with such thoughts as these: Is this the effect of my late Vow? Is this to stand to the Covenant I lately made with God? Is it possible I can be so perfidious, as to break with God? Hath the Cross of Christ so little power with me? Shall it not restrain me from such a Sin, as this? Foolish Creature! Shall a little Profit or Pleasure tempt me to please the Devil, and wrong my Immortal Soul? I am tied by a

ſolemn Promiſe, made in a moſt ſolemn Place, by a Promiſe made to God, by a Promiſe ſealed with the Blood of Jeſus, not to do it; and ſhall I preſume to do it, or hope for Pardon, after this Preſumption?

I muſt take notice, Whether the thoughts of Chriſt's Death make my Paſſions weak; whether they leſſen the heat of them; whether they repreſs their fierceneſs; whether they work in me that contempt of the World, which was ſo ſignal in my dear Lord and Maſter.

I muſt ever and anon look, how my Graces thrive, whether no Weeds grow among them that are like to choke the wholeſome Herbs.

VII.

I muſt now ſtudy Self-denial, even in things lawful, and that ſeem to have no harm in them. Self-denial in Eating and Drinking, in my Cloaths, in my Recreations, in my Time, in my Diſcourſes, in my Wit, in my Reading, in my Profit, in my Eaſe, and in my Sleep.

I muſt now take heed, I do not eat and drink to ſatiety, but labour ſtill to riſe from My Meals with an Appetite.

I muſt now and then humble my Soul with a Religious Faſt, and many times forbear eating of that Diſh I have moſt mind to, to bring my ſenſual Deſires into order.

I muſt

I must not imitate every vain fashion I see other people use, but must be very modest and decent in my Garb, and, having Means and Opportunities to buy me better, reserve that Money, I would have laid out upon a richer Suit, for Pious Uses.

I must not think every Recreation lawful, because it's commonly used by Men, who are none of the worst. I must not encourage the Vanity of Men and Women, that are in Love with Stage-Plays by my Example; as being things I abjured in my Baptism: But my Recreation must be such as may fit me for Spiritual Devotions.

I must not spend my time, as some luxurious and idle people do, in needless and complemental Visits, in playing at Cards and Dice; but in Words and Actions, and Discourses, that may be useful and profitable either to the Souls or Bodies of my Family, and my Neighbors.

I must not censure or judge my Neighbor rashly in my Speeches and Discourses; and not be easily drawn to give a Verdict or Judgment of People, except it be in their Praise and Commendation, if they do deserve it.

I must not give my self too great Liberty in Jesting; but forbear blurting out a witty Saying, if it be smutty or abusive; or any way prejudicial to my Neighbors Credit and Reputation.

I must not give my self to reading of Ro-

mances, and such Books as serve to render the Mind vain, and the Affections loose, and regardless of Spiritual Things.

I must express my Gratitude to God, for the Temporal Gain and Profit his Hand sends me, by consecrating some part of it to good Uses; nor must I be fond of that Profit, which ariseth from undermining my Neighbor.

I must not study the Ease of my Flesh much; but take Opportunities to use it to some Hardships, that it may become more Obedient to my Reason.

I must not stay at my Sport, so long as my sensual Desires crave, but use only so much of it, as may render me serviceable to God and Man.

CHAP. V.

Of the absolute necessity of living up to the Rules aforesaid.

Conscience.

AND dost thou verily believe, that this is the way to eternal Life?

Christ. Yes, certainly; for this is the way that the Primitive Believers walk'd in. They did not think that Heaven was to be gained at a cheaper rate, and why should I? Thus did the Apostles, thus did their Followers, and without such Self-denial, they thought there

there was no arriving to Happineſs. Beſides, this is moſt agreeable to the Precepts of the Goſpel; and why ſhould I think, that I may be ſaved another way, than God himſelf hath appointed?

Conſ. If thou art perſuaded, that this is the way, Lord, why doſt not thou ſet about it? Why art thou ſo loath to come to it? Why doſt thou act ſo contrary to it, when every moment thou art in danger of Death, and upon thy death there depends Eternity?

Chriſt. O, this baſe, this wicked, World hinders me, the ill Examples of my careleſs Neighbours, care of getting a Livelihood, the many Croſſes and Diſappointments I meet with, Hopes of having more time hereafter, the Company I converſe with, the People I have to deal with, fear of want, and the Calling and Condition I am in, are ſuch impediments I know not how to ſhake off.

Conſc. Is it not poſſible to live in the World, and to keep thy ſelf unſpotted from it? If it be not, live a Beggar rather; live diſpiſed; live contemptible, live diſregarded by all Men, rather than not enter into theſe everlaſting Joys. Shall a pleaſant ſinful life hinder thee from the everlaſting Enjoyment of God? Shall the ſawnings and applauſes of Men hinder thee from the Eternal applauſe of Angels? Think, if thou wert ſtanding at the Great Tribunal, trembling at the Eternal horror thou art condemned to; think

whether thou would'ſt not wiſh, that thou had'ſt lived in Caves and Holes, poor, deſtitute, afflicted, for a few years, rather than have come to this miſerable end? Why ſhould the Examples of thy careleſs Neighbors move thee, when thou knoweſt there are but few that will be ſaved? Can'ſt not thou get a Livelihood, except thou art rich and greedy after the Glories of the World? If thou canſt but get Food and Raiment, content thy ſelf; and that moſt certainly thou wilt get, if thou art induſtrious in thy lawful Calling, and dareſt but truſt God. Croſſes, Loſſes, and Diſappointments, are neceſſary for thee, to drive thee from Earth to Heaven; and if all this while thou doſt not loſe thy Soul, thou art ſafe enough. Do but look upon thy Soul as worth more than a thouſand Worlds, and none of theſe things will deject thee. Thy hopes of having time to repent hereafter, is a mere cheat; and if thou truſt to that, thou wilt never be ſaved. A Spiritual Life is a thing of Labor and Pains, & Circumſpection; and canſt thou be ſo ſilly, as to think a few careleſs Prayers will at laſt plant it in thee? Alas! Theſe are childiſh Reaſonings. The Company thou converſeſt withal, if they are thy Bane, muſt be ſhaken off, whatever comes on't. There is no dallying in a thing of this Conſequence; & if other Men will poiſon themſelves, why ſhould'ſt thou? Let the People thou dealeſt with

with be never ſo bad, that's no Example for thee to follow. If they are unreaſonable, why ſhould'ſt thou loſe thy Wits, and thy Salvation, ſot their ſakes? If they cheat or abuſe thee, they do themſelves more wrong than thee; nor will thy fuming and fretting at them, convert, or bring them into a better temper. Why ſhould'ſt thou be afraid of Want, when thou doſt not ſee a Bird ſtarve, or die, for want of Food? And can Want be grievous, when the Author and Captain of thy Salvation was in want, and his Followers were ſo too, and yet did live in Heaven? Either thy Calling is honeſt, or diſhoneſt, if diſhoneſt, and an inevitable occaſion of ſinning, away with it, and turn Plowman or Servant, rather than live in it: If honeſt, do not involve thy ſelf in too much Buſineſs; for that will certainly hinder thee from frequent Prayer and Meditation, and looking after the Concerns of thy Soul: And as for Neceſſaries, thy God will not ſuffer thee to want them.

Lift up thine Eyes, look upon this World: The greateſt part of the Men thou ſeeſt, will certainly be eternally *miſerable*. Why ſhouldeſt thou venture with them? Doſt thou think that howling with 'em at laſt, will give thee any comfort? There is a Prize put into thy hand, why ſhould'ſt thou ſlight it, and lament thy contempt for ever? Neglect not the preſent time: Do not let this opportuni-

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ty ſlip: Thy God waits for thee: Come in before the Door be ſhut, believe in good earneſt, and nothing will ſeem difficult.

Chriſt. I am convinced; I yield; I have nothing to ſay againſt all this. Great God! help me: draw me after thee, and I will run. Up, up, my lazy, idle, ſleeping, Soul! Open thine Eyes; put on Reſolution; waſh away thy filth; ſhake off thy Priſon-Garments; gird up thy Loins; make haſte, run to God, break the Chains of Sin, and preſent thy Heart to the living God. Lift up thine Eyes; Look into Heaven; liſten with thine Ears; view the holy Angels, hearken to their Hallelujah's; chaſe away thy darkneſs; cleanſe thy ſelf; become an humble Spouſe of the Lord Jeſus; feed thy ſelf with his Beauty, kiſs him with the Lips of Faith; make him thy Darling, receive him into thy Boſom; quench thy Thirſt with his Blood; hold him faſt; do not let him go; ſing his Praiſes; admire his Love; meet him by Repentance; keep him by holy Fervors; honour his Name, dare to ſpeak for him; be not aſhamed of him; confeſs him before Men, and he will confeſs thee before his Father, and his holy Angels.

PRAY-

PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS

To be uſed Before and After Receiving of the *Holy Sacrament* of the *LORDS SUPPER.*

I.

A Confeſſion to be ſaid by way of Preparation.

O Thou great Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier of Men! When I reflect upon my Life, how contrary to thy holy and wholſom Laws, how unlike the Lives of thy Saints, how unworthy of thy Mercies and Favours it hath been; how can I forbear bluſhing! How can I forbear proſtrating myſelf before thee! How can I forbear falling into the humbleſt poſtures my Soul and Body is capable of! How have I abuſed thy Goodneſs! How have I affronted thy Charity! How have I treſpaſſed upon thy Patience!

ence! How have I reſiſted thy tender Calls! How haſt thou waited for me, while I have been ſtubborn! How haſt thou courted me, while I have been vain! How haſt thou careſs'd me, while I have been careleſs! How deep ought my contrition to be! How profound my Sorrow! How profuſe my Tears! I have mourned for a dead Corps; I have wept for a deceaſed Relation; I have grieved to ſee the Body of my Friend left without a Soul: Yet have not mourned for God's departing from me, nor wept for the deadneſs of my Heart, nor grieved to ſee my ſelf deprived of thy Grace and Mercy.

O, my Lord! I ſee my folly, I perceive I have gone aſtray, I am ſenſible I have diſhonoured thee! How different do my Sins appear to me now, from what they did before! They look more diſmal, more dreadful, more bloody, than once they did! Now I would mourn, now I would take on for them, now I would deplore them! O, touch this frozen Heart, that it may melt! O Jeſu! Look upon theſe Eyes of mine, that they may flow with Water! O, behold me from the Croſs, that I may weep bitterly! There is hopes, that if I mourn, I ſhall be comforted; if I weep, I ſhall laugh at laſt; if I grieve, I ſhall rejoyce. O, my God, I long to hear thy joyful Voice; *Be of good cheer, thy ſins are forgiven thee!* I long to rejoyce in thee! I long to be bleſſed with the light of thy Coun-

Countenance! But the Sun will not ſhine out, till after the Rain. O, then water this Face of mine, ſpeak the word, bid the Waters flow, bid penitential Showres enrich this barren Ground, and I ſhall feel thy warmer Beams; thy Love will refreſh me; thy Preſence will revive me, and my Garments of Heavineſs will be turned into Garments of Praiſe and Exultation. O, my Jeſus! thou hangedſt naked on the Croſs, that I might be deck'd with thy purple Robes! Thou waſt wounded, that I might be healed! O, heal me, and I ſhall be healed! Come, deareſt Phyſician, and thy Servant ſhall be whole.

Behold, Lord! Here comes a poor Prodigal, quaking and trembling, to thy Throne! I come from a far Country, from the Land of Darkneſs, from the Borders of the Burning Lake, from the *Frontiers* of Hell. I come miſerable and naked! I come begging, that thou would'ſt put a Ring upon my Finger, and betroth me unto thy ſelf in Righteouſneſs. The Mercy is too big for me to ask, but not for thee to grant. I have no Merit, I can plead no deſert. Here thou ſeeſt nothing but filthy Rags. O, throw thy Mantle over me! I have heard, that thou loveſt to manifeſt thy greateſt power in the greateſt weakneſs, thy greateſt ſtrength in the greateſt infirmity. I have heard, thou loveſt to ſpread thy Skirts over thoſe that are deſtitute, and afflicted, that are caſt abroad, have

no

no Eye to pity them, and know not where to addreſs themſelves for relief. Thou haſt promiſed to ſuch, to open Rivers for them in high places, and Fountains in the midſt of Valleys. When the needy and thirſty ſeek for Water, thou, the God of *Iſrael*, wilt not forſake them.

O my Lord! If Miſery be a motive to Mercy, here thou ſeeſt it in the higheſt degree! What mighty, what marvellous things haſt thou done for me! Yet have I run away from thee! What haſte have I made to get out of thy ſight! how afraid have I been of ſerving thee! Thou haſt been my greateſt Friend, and I have uſed thee like an Enemy! How have I ſhunn'd thy Counſels, as if they had been big with death and thunder! Ah, fooliſh Creature! how have I forſaken thee, the Fountain of living Waters! how fond have I been of broken Ciſterns! how enamoured with muddy Puddles! Ah, my Father, how didſt thou pity me; how didſt thou bewail my blindneſs! With what ſorrowful Eyes didſt thou look upon my wilfulneſs! Behold, my Lord! I do return. I return, that I may look upon thee; I return, that thou may'ſt look upon me! I return, O, do thou rejoyce over me! O, let there be joy in the preſence of thy holy Angels over this Sinner, who repents! I am troubled, I am exceedingly troubled, that I have made no anſwerable returns to thy Love;

Love; that thy Grace hath been beſtowed upon me in vain; that thy Mercy hath been thrown away upon ſuch a Wretch: Oh, the Baſeneſs! Oh, the Ingratitude! Oh, the Diſingenuity, that I have been guilty of! Thou haſt been my greateſt Benefactor! How freely, how lovingly, how candidly, haſt thou viſited me! Yet I have reſiſted thy Power, deſpiſed thy Wiſdom, undervalued thy Goodneſs! Thou would'ſt have torn down my ſtrong-holds of Iniquity, and I would not; thou would'ſt have taught me my Duty to God and Man, and I refuſed it; thou would'ſt have made me Holy, as thou art Holy, and I ſcorn'd it, ungrateful Worm! Do I thus reward the Lord my God! Could I recompenſe ſuch Mercies with ſuch Sins! Such Favours with ſuch groſs Neglects! Thy Condeſcenſion with Pride! Thy Humiliation with Envy! Thy Love with Anger! Thy Bounty with ſlight and ſlovenly Performances! Thy Bowels with Diſobedience! Thy Charity with contempt of my Neighbor! Thy Bleſſings with Revenge! Thy Benefits with averſeneſs from Virtue and Goodneſs! Thy Munificence with Vanity! And the Showers of thy Grace with Earthly-mindedneſs.

Ah, How are my Sins multiplied! How like a heavy Burden are they become, too heavy for me to bear! But, Oh, my God! Thy Mercy is over all thy Works! Thy Mercy

is

is greater than my Sins! My Sins have taken hold upon me! What ſhall I do? I am a burden to my ſelf: I am bow'd down with the weight of my Tranſgreſſions. Whither, O my Lord, ſhould I go, but to thee, who haſt the Words of Eternal Life? Thou haſt pity on Sinners, thou converſeſt with them, thou eateſt with them; receive me graciouſly, love me freely; think upon thy Mercy, think upon thy Blood; think upon thy Tears; and accept of me! I am ſurrounded with dangers, encompaſſed with Enemies, encircled with helliſh Monſters; yet in the midſt of theſe Preſſures, I hear thee ſaying, *Come to me all ye who are weary, and heavy laden.* Shall I hide my ſelf, as *Adam* did in Paradiſe! Shall this word fright me away? Shall I refuſe to come, when thou calleſt in this ſtill Voice? No, No, I will confeſs my Tranſgreſſion, and thou wilt forgive the iniquity of my Sin. I will harden my Heart no more; I will turn a deaf Ear to thee no more, I will ſtand out no longer; I will reſiſt thy Light no longer; I will grieve thee no more, I will afflict and vex thy Holy Spirit no more.

O, infinite Goodneſs! O, wonderful Love! though with the Publican I dare not lift up my Eyes to Heaven, yet, with the humble *Magdalen*, I will come behind thee weeping, and waſh thy Feet with my Tears, and kiſs them. O, let me hear the bleſſed News

of

of Pardon from thy Mouth! Thou cameſt, Lord, thou cameſt, not to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance; and of theſe I am chief! If thou wilt converſe with Sinners, here is one that wants thy help, and that ſtands in need of thy Cure, full of Diſeaſes, full of Sores, full of Weakneſs, full of Errors, full of Infirmities, a Prodigy of Frailty. Here, Lord, here, is work for thy ſtrong Hand, and for thy mighty Arm: In this Heart are Devils that muſt be expell'd by thy Power. Stretch forth thy Hand and ſave me. Here is an Object to exerciſe thy Omnipotent Hand upon. My Cure requires Miracles: It's no ordinary Virtue that will ſet me to rights again. Thou, thou, O Lord, muſt come and ſtrike thy Hand over the ſore place, and my Leproſie will be gone.

Thy Prophet cries, by thy Order, *Return unto the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, ſlow to Anger, and repents him of the evil!* I believe, Lord! I believe; my Heart is wounded within me. I come, I come. Father, I have ſinned againſt Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son; make me as one of thy hired Servants. But then I deſire no other hire, no other Wages, but thy ſelf: Thou art my exceeding great Reward.

Oh! How bitter a thing is it to forſake thee! What have I got by offending thee! What have I gained by ſinning againſt thee!

No-

Nothing but Shame, and Horror, and Trembling, and Confusion. Darkness hath covered me, the shadow of Death hath fallen upon me! What fruit had I then in those things, whereof I am now ashamed! My Soul hath been divested of her Innocence, her Joy, her Peace, her Comfort, and her Satisfaction. And, O, my Jesus; did'st not thou stand my Friend now! Great Mediator, did'st not thou stand in the Gap now, and plead for me; O, my Redeemer, did'st not thou intercede for me; I must be prostituted, and exposed to eternal Laughter and Derision! Good Lord! How pitiful, how wretched, how trivial, how impertinent, how inconsiderable, was that Pleasure, that Profit, that Thing, for which I did affront and dishonour thee! When I look upon thy Creatures, either above, or below; I wonder, how they were able to contain themselves, and not vindicate their Masters Honor, which they saw abused by me; I wonder, they did not fall upon me, and crush me into Perdition, when they saw, how bold, how presumptuous, this Caitiff was!

O, my Lord! For this my Soul shall mourn in secret; even for this, that I have not loved thee better, that I have not sought thee more, that I have not approached thee with greater Veneration! Henceforward, Lord, if all the Pleasures, all the Riches, all the Honors of this World, were con-

concentered in this Sin, that formerly I liv'd in, it ſhould be no Temptation to me. I would tear the Tyrant out of its Seat: It ſhould uſurp thy place no more: I would pull it out of its Throne, it ſhould find no harbour in me: Thy Love ſhould conſtrain me to part with it. I will crucifie thee no more. I have trampled too long upon thy Mercy. I will make light of it no more!

O, my Jeſus? Remember thy Agonies, remember thy Pain, remember thy Sufferings, remember thy Death, and forget my Sins. Thy Servant *David* cry'd once, *I have ſinned*, and thou did'ſt preſently take away his Sin. My ſighing is not hid from thee. O, do not hide thy Face from me! *Manaſſeth* look'd up to thee, and thou had'ſt reſpect unto his Prayer. O, give ear to my Prayer too, that goes not out of feigned Lips! The *Ninevites* humbled themſelves, and thou waſt entreated. O, repent thy ſelf of the Evil thou haſt ſaid thou would'ſt do unto me, and do it not. *Peter* wept, and thou gaveſt him a gracious Look. I water my Couch with my Tears; O, ſmile upon me too, and ſay, *I have redeemed, thee, thou art mine.*

I love thee, O Lord, and would have every Creature love thee. I would have all things, that have breath, praiſe the Lord. I would have every Creature ſhew forth thy Glory. Thou haſt loved me from all Eternity!

nity! Was ever ſuch Love heard of as thine was! to come from the Manſions of the Bleſſed, into a Vale of Tears, to advance ſuch a Creature from Death to Life eternal! Thou haſt made my Death a harmleſs, nay, a gainful thing. Thy Croſs hath ſweetned all; there was Death in the Pot, but thou threweſt in Meal, and didſt ſweeten all. O, blot out the very Footſteps of my Sins, and ſet me as a Seal upon thy Heart; ſo will I give Thanks in the great Congregation, my Lips ſhall praiſe thee.

O, my Life! I would prefer thee above all thy Creatures! I would look upon all theſe outward Comforts as a Drop in the Bucket, and on thee as the Ocean; on theſe, as the ſmall Duſt in the Ballance; on thee, as the Rock of Ages. I would love thee with all my Heart, I would love thee more than my ſelf! O, that my whole Mind were united to thee! O, that I might know nothing ſave Jeſus Chriſt, and him crucified! O, that all the Powers of my Soul might embrace thee! O, that I might ſeek thy Glory with ſtronger Deſires than Worldlings do their Wealth, or the Covetous the encreaſe of their Incomes! O, that I could adhere unto thee inſeparably! O, withdraw my Heart from every evil way! Encline my Heart to all Goodneſs: Let not my Affections be henceforth corrupted with Love of the Creature: Let me not be weary

of

of loving thee: Let nothing overcome my Love, let nothing damp it. O, enable me to ſay. *Who ſhall ſeparate me from the Love of God?* O, draw my Soul with Cords of Love, with this Love wound and pierce my Heart, and make it ſick, that it may inſatiably long for thee! O, I could love thee without ceaſing, love thee without Bounds, love thee without meaſure! O, let my Soul melt with this Fire! And purge away that filth which doth ſo eaſily beſet me! Take away from me all that doth diſpleaſe thee; refine in me all that pleaſes thee; be thou ever preſent with me, live in me, thou Fountain of Life; and let me live in thee, and let that Charity live in me, which ſuffers long, and is kind; which envies not, which vaunteth not it ſelf, which is not puft up, which doth not behave it ſelf unſeemly, ſeeks not her own, is not eaſily provoked, thinks no evil, rejoyces not in Iniquity, but rejoyces in the Truth, bears all things, believes all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer for Faith.

O Thou, from whom every good and perfect Gift deſcends, who giveſt to all Men liberally, and upbraideſt not; thou calleſt, *Seek ye my Face*; thy Face, Lord, will

will I seek! Thou hast said, O Lord, thy Mouth hath spoken it, if he had but Faith as a grain of Mustard-seed, ye should say unto this Mountain, be thou removed, and cast into the Sea, and it should obey you. O, my Lord! I have Rocks to be displaced, Mountains to be removed, vast Loads to be freed from; Rocks of Unbelief, Mountains of Sin, Loads of Iniquity! Oh, lend me thy helping Hand. None can give Relief, none can succour, none can do me any good, but thy self. How dark, how dull, how doubtful, is my Faith! Sometimes it blazes, then it disappears again; sometimes it's vigorous, then slack, and grows remiss again I believe thee in Sun-shine, and faint in a Storm; sometimes I get a sight of thy Glory; then I lose it again. Oh, how uneven is my Faith! When thy Candle shines over my Head, and I wash my Feet in Butter, I believe; but where is my Faith in the dark, when the Fig-tree doth not blossom, when there is no Fruit in the Vine, when the labour of the Olive doth fail! O, how it sinks at such times! Oh, how weak it grows! Lord, I believe, help my Unbelief! O, thou Sun of Righteousness, thou bright Morning Star, thou mighty Star of *Jacob*, shine upon me, shine upon this dark Soul of mine, press in by thy piercing Beams, scatter the Clouds of my Unbelief; dispel those Mists, as Chaff is driven away by the Wind, so drive

drive them away, O, thou Holy one of *Iſrael.*

I believe, but my Faith doth not rouze me from my ſpiritual ſlumber; I believe, but my Faith doth not overcome difficulties; I believe, but my Faith doth not put me upon Self-denial; I believe, but my Faith doth not engage me to that cautiouſneſs of offending thee, which is neceſſary to Salvation; I believe, but my Faith doth not make me laborious, doth not make me ſtrive, and fight, and work, and enter in at the ſtrait Gate; I do not believe, as if I ſaw. My Faith is not the ſubſtance of things unſeen. I do not repreſent that future Glory to my Mind in ſuch lively Characters, as if it were preſent to my ſight. I ſeem to rejoyce in thy Promiſes; but when I am to apply them, what doubts, what ſcruples, what perplexities ariſe in my mind! I believe thou haſt overcome Death; yet how do I tremble at its approaches! I believe thou art preſent with me in Affliction; yet how often do I loſe thy Image! I believe, my deareſt Lord, That thou cameſt from Heaven to reveal to me thy Fathers Will; yet I do not ſo readily obey it as I would! I believe, but am too often overcome by a Paſſion, too often by a Temptation, too often by the World!

O, my Lord! give me an active Faith, a working Faith, a vigorous Faith, a lively

Faith, an effectual Faith; a Faith which may oblige me to ſhake off all Dulneſs, all Drowzineſs, all Lazineſs, and which may make me awake to Righteouſneſs. Give me a Faith, that may ſurmount all hardſhips, may be afraid of nothing, of no Bear, no Lion in the way. Give me a Faith that may make me bold as a Lion, courageous in Danger, reſolute in the greateſt Tryals, and magnanimous under the greateſt Burdens. A Faith I want, which may make all that is within me ſtoop to the Yoke of Jeſus, which may croſs my Fleſh and Blood, crucifie my vain Deſires, and daſh mine inordinate Affections. O, give me a Faith which may make me tender of thy Glory, loth to do any thing that may be offenſive to thee, unwilling to diſpleaſe thee the Author of my Being. Give me a Faith which may oblige me to labour in thy Vineyard, and work out my Salvation with fear and trembling; a Faith that may look into Eternity, ſurvey the Glorious Manſions prepared by the Son of God, live there, and converſe there, and draw Comforts and Conſolations from that perfection of Glory; a Faith which may live upon thy Promiſes, lay hold on them in deſpight of oppoſition, and claim them as my Heritage for ever; a Faith which may look Death in the face, defie its Power, ſupport it ſelf with Chriſt's Victory, and ſing with Triumph over it, *Oh Death!*

Where

Where is thy Sting? A Faith which may make Affliction eaſie, my Burden light, and ſweeten all my troubles; a Faith which may purifie my Heart, conſtrain me to Obedience, and compel me to a cheerful running at thy Command and Order; a Faith which may controul all my Luſts, check my inordinate Deſires, bear down all before it, ſet up the Lord Jeſus in my Soul, and make every imagination ſubject to him, who muſt reign till he hath put all Enemies under his Feet.

O, Bleſſed Light! Which enlightneſt every Man that comes into the World! Direct my Steps, illuminate my Underſtanding, ſhew me the way I muſt walk in, that no Error may miſlead me, no falſe Doctrine corrupt me, no Hereſie deceive me, no falſe Fire beguile me; ſtretch forth thy hand, and hold thou up my goings in thy Path, that I may get ſafe to my Journeys end. I am a Traveller and Pilgrim here, go thou before me, and I'll follow thee; lead me through this barren Wilderneſs, and leave me not till I enter into *Canaan*. It is not, Lord, of him that runs, nor of him that wills, but of thee who ſheweſt Mercy. As Fleſh and Blood could not have revealed theſe things unto me, ſo thou alone muſt enable my Faith to quench all the fiery Darts of the Devil. Ariſe, O God, and let thine Enemies be ſcattered.

O, how am I beholden to thee! What

Thanks, what Praiſes do I owe thee, that thou haſt call'd me to the light of thy Goſpel! That thou haſt diſcovered to me thoſe Errors, which Perſons of other Religions in the World lie involved in! That I have liberty to read thy Word, to peruſe it, and to know the things belonging to my Peace! Thou haſt not dealt ſo with other Perſons; and as for thy Judgments, they have not known them. But what will this Knowledge profit me, if my Practice be not ſuitable, or my Belief ſtrong, and firm, and vigorous? I tremble to think, how many thouſands are like to periſh for want of this Faith. Ah! how few do believe in good earneſt! How few believe with any lively Affections! How few act, and live, as if they did believe! O, moſt Patient God, pity, pity, that vaſt multitude of Chriſtian Unbelievers! See, how Hell hath opened her Mouth to ſwallow them up! O, thou that haſt redeemed them with thy Blood! Why ſhould the Enemy run away with thy Purchaſe! See, how theſe poor Creatures wander like Sheep without a Shepherd! O gather them! O, ſeek them, that thou may'ſt find them! Undeceive them, let them ſee, how far they are from the Kingdom of God! O, my Lord! I believe that thou art and wilt be a Rewarder to them that diligently ſeek thee; I believe, if any Man will do thy Will, he ſhall know of thy Do-

Doctrine, whether it be of God or no; I believe, that not the leaſt Title of thy Word ſhall fail: O, encreaſe my Belief! Let not my Faith reſt upon thy Doctrine only; but let it have regard to all thy Laws! O, let me ſo believe an approaching Eternity, as to be concerned at the Thoughts of it! O, let me not only talk of it, but let my Belief rouze my Affections from their ſlumber.

O, my Jeſus! I believe thou waſt crucified for my Sins; How then ſhould I live in Sin! aſſure me, that if I do, I do but mock thee: How can I believe my Sin odious, while I embrace and cheriſh it! How can I believe it kill'd thee, while I make much of it! How can I believe it drew Sweats of Blood from thee, while I water it, and keep it warm! O, I am weary of this vain Belief; rid me of it; deliver me from it! Let all my Neighbors ſee, that I believe theſe things indeed. Let the World ſee, by my Converſation, that theſe things work upon me. O, let me not only believe theſe great things, but live them over! Come forth, my deareſt Lord, and meet me! No Man can come to thee, but he whom thou draweſt to thee! O, let me touch but the Hem of thy Garment, and I ſhall recover! Let me ſo believe in thee, that it may appear thou liveſt in me, that I may at laſt attain the end of my Faith,

even the Salvation of my Soul; Great Author and Finisher of my Faith, hear me for thy Mercies sake. *Amen.*

III.

A Prayer for a lively Hope.

O Thou in whom my Fathers hoped! They hoped in thee, and thou did'st deliver them; thou art all Goodness, all Sweetness, all Clemency; who would not hope in thee! Thy Mercies bid me hope, thy promises bid me hope, and all thy Revelations bid me hope. O, thou Hope of *Israel!* Here I am, here I lie prostrate before thy Face; here my Soul intends to breath out her Desires! O, my Lord! When will that happy Day come, that Glorious Day which shall have no Night, no Clouds, no Darkness! Thou hast spoke of it; thy Prophets have seen Visions of it; thy Apostles have declared it; one was wrapt up above the Clouds to take a view of it. The Son that came out of thy Bosom hath assured me of it. It is the bright day, when I shall enter into thy Joy, be made a Coheir with Christ, be clothed in white, shine as the Stars, look upon thee, and not be ashamed! Thou hast promised it, and, shall not I hope for it? O, my Lord, that seest me, that art present with me, and knowest my Heart,

Heart, my Sighs, my Desires, thou knowest I hope for it! O, let this Hope be lively, let it be a Hope which may purifie me, even as God is pure. Nay, my very flesh shall rest in Hope, and thou wilt not suffer my Body to see everlasting Corruption; thou wilt raise me from the dust at last; all my Bones shall say, Lord, Who is like unto thee! I know that my Redeemer lives, and that he shall stand at the later day upon the Earth; and though, after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine Eyes shall behold, and not another: And having this hope, O assist me, O persuade me, O prompt me to cleanse my self from all filthiness, both of flesh and spirit, and to perfect Holiness in the fear of God.

Deck my Soul with Humility, with Patience, with Constancy, that no Rods, no Stripes, no Prison, no Torment, no Shipwrack, no perils of Waters, no perils of Robbers, no perils among my own Country-men, no perils among Heathens, no perils in the City, no perils in the Wilderness, no perils in the Sea, no perils among false Brethren, no Weariness, no Painfulness, no Watchings, no Hunger, no Thirst, no Cold, no Nakedness, no Weakness, no Infirmity, no Honour, or Dishonour, no good Report, or evil Report, may discourage me

from truſting in thee! Though the Lord ſhould kill me, yet let me hope in him. If in this Life only I have hope in Chriſt, I am of all Men moſt miſerable. The Lord is my Light, and my Salvation, whom ſhall I fear? The Lord is the ſtrength of my Life, of whom ſhall I be afraid? Though an Hoſt ſhould encamp againſt me, my Heart ſhall not fear; though War ſhould riſe againſt me, in this will I be confident; for in the time of Trouble he ſhall hide me in his Pavillion, in the ſecret of his Tabernacle he ſhall hide me, he ſhall ſet me up upon a Rock. Thou art he that took me out of the Womb; thou did'ſt make me hope when I was upon my Mothers Breaſts: O, let it not be in the Power of Men, or Devils, to ſhake this Hope! Let it be my Anchor, ſure and ſtedfaſt, which no Waves, no Billows, no Storms, no Tempeſts, can move.

Whatever Evils befal me, let me think they come from a Father's Hand. Let no Proſperity, no Sun ſhine, no Calmneſs, no ſmiling Fortune, ſubvert this Hope in my Soul. Let me look upon all theſe outward Comforts, as Vanity, Vanity of Vanities, which can give no Eaſe, no Comfort, no Satisfaction to a Soul of a Spiritual Appetite. Let me thirſt after nothing ſo much, as after thy Love, as after Spiritual Bleſſings, as after the hidden Manna, as after

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the white Stone, which no man knows, ſave he who receives it.

I will not hope in any Creature, I will ariſe and depart, for here is not my Reſt. Why art thou caſt down, O my Soul, and why art thou diſquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I ſhall yet praiſe him, who is the health of my Countenance, and my God. My Soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him; he only is my Rock, and my Salvation, He is my Defence, I ſhall not be moved. In God is my Salvation and my Glory, the Rock of my Strength, and my Refuge is in God. Truſt in him at all times, ye People, pour out your Hearts before him. Thou haſt been a Shelter for me, and a ſtrong Tower from the Enemy. From the end of the Earth will I cry unto thee, when my Heart is overwhelmed! O, my God, my Goodneſs extends not to thee; The Lord is the Portion of my Inheritance, and of my Cup, thou maintaineſt my Lot. Who was ever confounded, that truſted in thee? Who was ever forſaken, that hoped in thee? Who was ever deſpiſed, that in good earneſt called upon thee? All hail, my deareſt Lord, my Hope! I love thee, I embrace thee, I renounce all thoſe leſſer Goods, which are in the World, that I may make thee my higheſt and my chiefeſt Good.

It is true, Lord, I am a Sinner, and have

been a very ungrateful Wretch; the leaſt of thy Mercies is more than I have deſerved; my very Righteouſneſſes have been as filthy Rags: But I will not truſt in my Bow; neither is it my Sword that ſhall ſave me; but thy Mercy, O Lord, thy Mercy, and the Palms of thy Hands, on which thou haſt engraven my Name, ſhall be my refuge. I have no merits, no deſerts, to truſt to; I can claim nothing as my Right; all I am, and all I have, is thy Charity: What Goodneſs there is in me, is intirely owing to thy Grace and Compaſſion: With this thou crowneſt me; with this thou enricheſt me; with this thou anointeſt my Head, that I may work in thy Vineyard, and receive the Penny at night: I confide not in my Works, I depend not upon my Induſtry, I reſt not in my own Labours; but in thy Blood, in thy Sweat, in thy good Pleaſure, O Glorious Son of God! Curſed is the Man that truſts in Man, and makes Fleſh his Arm. I will hope in thy Mercy, my Heart ſhall rejoyce in thy Salvation: Evening and Morning, and at Noon, will I pray, and thou wilt hear my voice. Thou haſt ſaid, Ask, and ye ſhall have; Seek, and ye ſhall find; Knock, and it ſhall be opened to you: Who would not hope after this? Who would not relie upon thee after ſuch a Promiſe? O, let me find Grace in the ſight of my Lord! I deſire nothing elſe; this is the height of

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my Wiſhes; this is it which ingroſſes the faculties of my Soul. Thy Grace is the Jewel I want, the Pearl I ſtand in need of, the Crown my Soul longs for. Thou art my Witneſs, O Lord, That my Heart thinks ſo; thou haſt Treaſures of Mercy, thy Stores are large, and inexhauſtible! Thou bid'ſt me come and buy without Mony, and without Price, and my Soul ſhall live: Thou doſt promiſe me more than Kings can promiſe; and no wonder, for thou art greater and richer than all the Kings of the Earth. Thou giveſt Reſt to the weary Soul, and Strength to the faint; therefore mine Eyes ſhall be toward thee! O, let thine Eyes be open, and thine Ears attent unto the Prayer of thy Servant! Do thou chuſe and ſanctifie this houſe, that thy Name may be there for ever, and let thine Eyes and thy Heart be here perpetually.

Thy Liberality and Bounty is immenſe and infinite! I cannot but hope in thee! O, my unbelieving Heart, could'ſt thou but truſt him more, what great things would'ſt thou ſee! His Mercy is upon thee, according as thou hopeſt in him. The more thou hopeſt, the greater is his Mercy.

O my Lord! What ſtupendous Gifts doſt thou preſent me with! What amazing offers doſt thou make to my Soul! Thou art not only willing to impart thy Graces to me; but in thy *Supper* gives me thy ſelf!

ſelf! And here thou offereſt to carry me in thy Arms, to be my nurſing Father, and to be Food to my hungry Soul! May it be unto me according to thy Word! Come, Lord, lodge thou in my Soul, make it thy Dwelling-place, anoint it with the Oil of Mercy; I will go and take the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. Thy loving kindneſs ſhall be before mine Eyes, and I will walk in thy Truth; I will not ſit with vain Perſons, neither will I go in with the Diſſemblers; I will waſh mine hands in innocency, ſo will I compaſs thine Altar, O Lord! That I may publiſh with the voice of Thankſgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous Works: My Heart ſhall be indicting a good Matter, and I will ſpeak of things touching the King of Saints. Into thy hands I commit my Spirit, thou haſt redeemed it, O Lord God of Truth! O, make thy Face to ſhine upon thy Servant, and O, let me hope unto the end, for the Grace that is brought unto me, at the Revelation of Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

IV.

A Prayer for Love and Charity.

O Thou who haſt ſo loved the World, as to give thine only Son to the end that all that believe in him ſhould not periſh,

riſh, but have everlaſting Life! What ſhall I do to love thee! What ſhall I do to be united to thee! What ſhall I do to get a place in thy Boſom! if I love thee not, I am undone; if thou doſt not look exceeding lovely in mine Eyes, I am loſt; if my Affections do not fix upon thee, I periſh; I cannot be happy without loving thee! My Soul is deſtitute of her proper Good, if thou be not the Object of my Delight! I am perfectly miſerable, if thou be not the Center of my Spirit. Love is the greateſt Gift that's given to poor Creatures: Love enriches their Souls: Love makes their Faces ſhine: Love muſt brighten their Souls, and make them appear lovely in the Eyes of God. O, my Lord! thou haſt given me faculties to love thee, Underſtanding to contemplate thy Beauty, and Mercy, and Perfection; Memory to retain the lively apprehenſions of thy Glory; and a Will to prompt my whole Man into ſuitable Actions! The more I love thee, the Holier I am; the more I love thee, the more I am with thee: For where I love, there is my Soul; where my Affections are, there is my Spirit; where my Treaſure is, there will my Heart be alſo. Who would look upon a Dunghil, that can view a glorious Palace! Who would hear the Screeches of Owls and Night-Ravens, that can hear melodious Muſick? And why ſhould I be taken with the

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Pomp and Glory of the World, which in compariſon of thee is a meer Dunghil? Or with the Careſſes and Praiſes of mortal Men, which are perfect howlings compared with the Harmony thy Love doth make? Shall I love Honour, and not love thee, who art the Fountain of it? Shall I love Pleaſure, and not love thee in whoſe Preſence there is fulneſs of Joy? Who can be likened unto thee, O Lord! And, if nothing can be likened unto thee, I muſt love nothing like thee! And if I juſtly love that which is good, I muſt neceſſarily love thee more than all things in this World; for thou art infinitely better than all things in this world. There is nothing ſo good, nothing ſo precious, nothing ſo rich, nothing ſo amiable as thou art.

O, my Jeſus! How great is thy Condeſcenſion! Thou knoweſt I could love nothing ſo well as what was like me; and in compliance with my Temper, (for thou kneweſt my frame) thou becameſt like me indeed; the immortal became mortal; the Eternal became an Infant: If therefore I love Man, who is naturally like me, how much more am I bound to love thee, who wroughteſt a Miracle to become Man, that thou mighteſt be like me! Love deſires the preſence of its delightful Object, and can any thing be more preſent than thou art? Thou art in me, and with me, and without

me;

me; thou art preſent in all places, at all times, in all Companies; thou art willing to dwell in me, and to make thine abode in me; thou art content never to depart from me. Thou art ſtrangely bountiful; who would not love thee? Who ever gave greater or larger Gifts, either more in number, or more in quantity, or longer for duration, than thy liberal hand? From thee every good and perfect Gift comes down; whatever Gifts I recieve from thy Creatures, thou ſendeſt them: The Creatures are but the Chanels or the Pipes, through which they are conveyed, and ſhall not I love the Fountain more than the Chanel? the Spring more than the Pipe, through which the Water runs? and the great Giver more than the Meſſengers that carry it? Thou workeſt in all, thou inclineſt the Hearts of the Bountiful, thou openeſt their Hands, thou turneſt their Hearts into Charity; thou ſeaſoneſt their Minds with thoughts of me, and thou bendeſt their Wills to do me good! And ſhall not I look up from the Creature to the Creator, and give him my deareſt Love?

I will love thee, O Lord! I muſt love thee, for thou art ſweet beyond compariſon, amiable without a Parallel, lovely to a miracle! thou art the true Father of my ſoul, thou provideſt for me, thou takeſt care of me,

me, thou art exceeding tender of me, thou beareſt me on thy hands, on thy Wings, thou carrieſt me, as the Eagle doth her young, nay, thou offereſt me to be thy Brother, thy Siſter, and thy Mother: For he that doth thy Will, ſhall be all this in thy Eſteem; he ſhall be as dear to thee, as theſe Relations are to mortal Men. Thou art my Friend indeed! O, my Lord, whither doth thy Love carry thee! Thou layeſt aſide thy Glorious Titles, and magnificent Names, and becomeſt my Friend! And never was a truer Friend than thou art, and haſt been to me! No viciſſitude hath changed thee, no revolution hath altered thee, no accident hath eſtranged thy Heart from me! My unworthineſs doth not turn away thy Affections from me! Though thou dwelleſt on high, yet thou humbleſt thyſelf to behold the ways of the Children of Men! My Sores do not make thee loath me, my Infirmities do not move thee to caſt me away, my vileneſs doth not tempt thee to deſpiſe me! Thou loveſt at all times, if I am wounded, thou bindeſt up my Wounds; if I am broken, thou healeſt me; if I am grieved, thou refreſheſt me; if I am in danger, thou delivereſt me; if under pain, thou giveſt me eaſe; if under trouble, thou comforteſt me. O, my Jeſus! thou art gone up to thy Father, and to my Father, and haſt made us Friends!

Thou

Thou haſt reconciled him to my Soul! Thou haſt loved me before the Foundation of the World! How often haſt thou, in Mercy, look'd upon me! How often haſt thou pitied me! I was unworthy of thy Compaſſion; yet, ſeeing me lie in my Blood, thou ſaid'ſt, *Live, in thy Blood, live.*

What ſhall I ſay unto thee, O thou great Preſerver of Men? No Words, no Language, will reach thy Love, or give a tolerable deſcription of it; yet ſtill this encreaſes my Obligations to love thee! And what a mercy is it, that thou wilt give me leave to love thee! That this Great, this Glorious, this Immenſe, this Incomprehenſible, God will vouchſafe to be loved by a Worm! What a Favour is it! Prize it, O my Soul! And think thou heareſt every Creature, that is beneficial to thee, calling upon thee to love him! The Sun that ſhines upon thee calls to thee, *I give thee Light, that thou may'ſt admire the Father of Lights*; ſo doth the Moon, ſo do the Stars, ſo do all thoſe things whereby thou art fed, maintain'd, cloath'd, & preſerv'd in Health: Theſe all call, *We ſerve thee, that thou may'ſt ſerve thy God; and do good to thee, that thou may'ſt love him, whoſe Hand hath placed us in theſe Stations.* O, my God! Shall I have ſuch Monitors to love thee, and be deaf to the call? How will all theſe riſe in Judgment againſt me one day, if I love thee not! How juſtly do I fall

fall a Sacrifice to thy Wrath, if under ſuch Exhortations I deſpiſe thy Love!

How many Souls have periſhed, and I am yet alive! How many have been ſtruck dead in their Sins, and I am yet called to Repentance! How many do yet walk in Darkneſs, and I have the Honour to ſee thy marvellous Light! Thou haſt dealt more kindly by me, than thou haſt done by others! O, how am I bound to love thee! I ſee the odiouſneſs of that Sin, which others dote on! I ſee the deformity of thoſe Vices, which others wallow in! I ſee the Beauty of that Virtue which others ſcorn! I ſee the Charms of that Grace, which others laugh at! I taſte of thoſe Comforts, which others continue ignorant of! I ſee the Reaſonableneſs of thy Precepts, which others count an intollerable Yoke! I have ſome ſenſe of another World, while thouſands live as if there were none! I ſee the neceſſity of Holineſs, while others make a mock of Sin! What motives are theſe to love thee! Shall I be afraid, or aſhamed, after all this, to love thee! Every Senſe, I have, bids me love thee! I cannot ſmell to any thing, but I ſmell the Fragrancy of thy Love. I cannot taſte any thing, but I muſt taſte how ſweet, and how Gracious thou art! I cannot look upon any thing, but I muſt ſee thy Goodneſs! The Oyl of thy Love ſwims upon every Creature, I touch or feel! That Soul deſerves

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to die, that doth not love thee! In loving thee, I live! Thy Love is better than Life! My days will have an end, my Life, ere long, will paſs from me! My Riches, my Glory, my Wealth, my Health, my Liberty, my Eaſe, my Friends, my Acquaintance, they will, ere long, expire: But if I love thee, that will remain with me to Eternity! My Love to thee makes me thine, and makes thee mine. By loving thee, I ſhew that I am not mine own: Thou haſt made me for thy ſelf, and if I am not thine, I cannot be mine own; for at that inſtant that I would be mine own, I ceaſe to be thine. Thou art to me all that Heart can wiſh, or Reaſon can deſire! Thou art my Light, my Pillow, my Reſt, my Sun, my Meat, my Drink, my Glory, my Joy: Thou haſt given me thy Son, and in giving him, haſt given me more than Ten Thouſand Worlds! And if this be not enough, thou art ready to give me more; ſhew me thy Love, and it ſuffices me. Thou haſt wounded me with thy Love! I will follow thee! O, let me do thy Will; let me do that which thou wilt, and not what I will. Deſpiſe me not; forſake me not; O, do not go far from me! Draw me after thee, and I ſhall run! Wo is me, that I muſt dwell in *Meſhek*, and have my Habitation in the Tents of *Kedar!* O, leave me not to my ſelf! I conſecrate both my Soul and Body

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to thee; employ them, O Lord, as it ſhall pleaſe thee beſt!

O, forget me not, and let me never forget thee! Let me rather die a thouſand Deaths, than live without thee! O, let me love thee ſo, that I may long to draw others to thy Love! Let me be grieved when Men do not keep thy Law! Let it go to my Heart to ſee thee diſhonoured and affronted! Thou threatneſt me with Eternal Flames, if the Flames of thy Love cannot warm me now. I am not worthy to love thee, yet thou art moſt worthy to be loved by me! O, let me ſigh, let me pant, let me breath, after thee! O, my Life, let me live to thee! O, my Glory, let me be content to die for thee! O, my Refuge, let me ever run to thee! O, thou Eternal Love, let me be always mindful of thee! Let me embrace thee! Let me reſolve not to let thee go, till thou haſt brought me to that place, where I ſhall be for ever united to thee.

Withdraw mine Heart from the Creature! Why ſhould it go aſtray from thee! I am ſenſible, what hurt my Love to the Creature hath done me: It hath alienated my Heart from thee; it hath made thy Word a ſavour of Death unto Death to me; it hath rendred thy Promiſes inſipid to me; it hath made me ſlight thy Service; it hath made thy ways nauſeous and irk-

irkſom to me; it hath made thy Laws tedious to me; it hath made me forget the Life I am to live for ever; it hath made me weary of thy Love, backward to Self-denial, made me aſhamed of Chriſt, cool'd my Zeal, damp'd my Religious Deſires; and ſhall I harbour the Viper in my Boſom any more! O, throw this Enemy out of my Soul! Diſpoſſeſs it of its Habitation, expel it by thy Power, make it vaniſh by thy Preſence! I beg not Grace to hate any thing that thou haſt made; but thy Aſſiſtance, that I may love the Creature leſs than thee! I would not have this Love of the Creature engroſs my Soul; I would not have it uſurp Authority in my Heart; I would not have it take place of my Love to thy ſweet Self; I would not have it engroſs my Affections; I would have it ſubordinate to thy Love; I would have it to be a Servant to my Love to thee; I would not have it rule in me; I would not have it juſtle out thy Love.

I know, my deareſt Lord, I muſt love my Neighbour too: I cannot love thee, without I love him with unfeigned Love! I lye, if I ſay I love thee whom I have not ſeen, when I love not my Brother whom I ſee; but I would not love Man better than thee; I would not obey him more than thee; I would not comply with him to diſpleaſe thee; I would not prefer his Smiles or Frowns before thy Favour, or thy Indigna-

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tion; I would love him for thee, and in thee; and, O thou that haſt loved me, ſo as to die for me, grant me that Charity which is a neceſſary effect of my love to thee!

Thou haſt loved my Neighbour, as well as myſelf: My Jeſus! thou haſt died for him, as well as for my ſelf! Though I muſt ſtand amazed at the particular Mercy thou haſt ſhewn to me, yet the light of thy Favour hath ſhined upon my Fellow-Chriſtians too! O, let me love them with a pure heart fervently! Hereby ſhall all Men know, that we are thy Diſciples, if we love one another. O, my Lord! I am reſolved to be thy Diſciple, and therefore will not only love thoſe that love me, but even thoſe that hate me. O, make me tender-hearted, and compaſſionate to my Neighbour! Make me ready to forgive, ready to bear with his Infirmities, ready to relieve him, ready to aſſiſt him, ready to ſuccour him: O let all clamour, and malice and hatred, and evil ſpeaking and cenſoriouſneſs, be put away from me! Rid me of all guile, and hypocriſie and diſhoneſty! Let it be known by my meek, and humble and charitable temper, that the ſame mind is in me, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus. In vain do I call my ſelf thy Follower, if I tread not in thy Steps, or do not render good for evil, and ſhew all Meekneſs unto all Men.

When I am reviled, let me not revile again!

gain! Let there not be any Root of Bitterneſs in me! Baniſh from me baſe ſuſpicion! Teach me to put a favourable conſtruction on other Mens Actions, and to overcome Evil with Good! Mortifie in me the itch of contradiction! Make me affable, courteous, kind, gentle; and let no Provocation ſowre that diſpoſition in me! Make me patient and long ſuffering, peaceable and eaſie to be entreated; give me a Temper that may make me rejoyce in the Proſperity of others! Let all Pride and Envy die in me! Let me delight in Works of Mercy, in feeding the Hungry, giving Drink to the Thirſty, Cloathing the Naked, viſiting the Sick, comforting the Priſoners, counſelling the Weak, ſupporting the Feeble, directing the Erroneous, reproving the Unwary, guiding the Blind, uſing hoſpitality to Strangers.

Make me circumſpect in my Speeches, that I offend not with my tongue! Give me preſence of Mind upon all occaſions, that I may not ſpeak or act raſhly to my Neighbours prejudice! O, let thy Love be always before me, that I may have compaſſion on my Fellow-Servant! O, let thy Blood ſupple my Heart, that it may melt at the ſight of its wants and neceſſities! O, let that Word ſound always in mine Ears, That *Though I ſpeak with the Tongue of Angels, and have no Charity, it profits me nothing!* I ſhall ſee thy Charity in the *Sacrament* of thy *Supper!*

I ſhall ſee, what thou did'ſt for me, and all the World! I ſhall ſee, what Inconveniencies thou did'ſt endure to procure our Happineſs! I ſhall ſee, how thou did'ſt deny thy ſelf for our ſakes? I ſhall ſee, how thou did'ſt not count thine own Life dear to ſave ours! I ſhall ſee, how gentle thou waſt to thy Enemies, how thou prayedſt for them that perſecuted thee, how thou did'ſt bleſs them that did curſe thee! I ſhall ſee, what pains thou tookeſt, what anguiſh thou endured'ſt to ſnatch us from Damnation?

O, let that Charity prevail with me! O, let that Goodneſs produce Bowels of Mercy in me, that, as much as in me lies, I may keep the Unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace! Make me willing to recede from mine own Right, for Concords ſake! O, root out that baſe ſelfiſhneſs, which makes me ſo careleſs of my Neighbours Good! O, thou Eternal Truth! Thou haſt promiſed to write thy Laws in my Heart! O, write this Law of Love with thine own Blood, and make the Characters ſo laſting, that nothing may blot them out! O, let me love my ſelf leſs, that I may love thee and my Neighbour more! O, let the Fire of thy Love put out the impure Fire of my Luſts and Corruptions! O, let that Fire purifie my Soul from thoſe inordinate Paſſions and Deſires, which too often endanger it! Thou art the God that anſwereſt by Fire; let

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me feel thy Fire, and the force of it! Let it go through my Soul, and ſcatter Heat through every part, that I may be transformed and changed into Love! Let me love thee vehemently, ardently, ſuperlatively, conſtantly, and my Neighbour chaſtly, modeſtly, purely, ſincerely, and inviolably! Whatever thou denieſt me, deny me not this Love! Remember thy Word unto thy Servant, in which thou haſt cauſed me to hope! Thou haſt ſaid, I will give unto him that is a-thirſt, of the Water of Life, freely; O give me this Love, elſe I faint! O ſpare me a little, that I may recover ſtrength, before I go hence, and be ſeen no more! O thou Spirit of Love, blow upon me, and theſe dry Bones ſhall live! O Jeſu! Come, and live in me; and if thou, who art Love and Charity it ſelf, live in me, I ſhall love all that thou would'ſt have me love, and be a Monument of thy Love, and ſhare in thy everlaſting Love. *Amen.*

Let the King of Heaven hear when I call.

V.

A Prayer for Imitation of the Holy Life, and Example, of Jeſus.

O Thou, who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life! I know thee, who thou art, the Son of the living God! Who ſhall

lead me into *Edom*! Who shall bring me into the strong City, into that City which hath Foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God! Wilt not thou, O Lord, Strong and Mighty? Hear, O my Soul! Thy Redeemer calls; *If any Man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am, there shall also my Servant be.* O my Lord! I had need of a Guide in this Age, when the World lies in Wickedness? How many ways to Ruin do I see! How many Nets do I see spread for me! What a Snare are even these outward Comforts! How do they entice and draw the Heart away! O Father of Mercy! How many thousands do I see beguiled by the Riches and Pleasures of this Life! How insensible do they grow of that Life, they are to live for ever! How forgetful of God? How enamoured with the Gauds, and Glories of this World; how does the Beauty of their Souls decay, and wither away! And one teaches the other to go to Hell! O my God! What shall I do among so many Enemies! What shall I do in all this Darkness! What shall I do among all these Precipices! Without thy Light I must needs be lost! Rise, Rise, thou Glorious Morning-Star, that I may be able to see my way! Thou that art the Light of the World! He that follows thee, cannot walk in Darkness! Why should I be afraid of going astray? Thou art my way, How can I be deceived!

ved! Thou art Goodneſs it ſelf, how can I miſtruſt thee, when thou haſt ſpilt thy Blood for me! Though naturally thou dwelleſt in a light inacceſſible, yet of inviſible thou becameſt viſible, on purpoſe that I might follow, not the Father of Lies, not *Lucifer*, not that Enemy who transforms himſelf into an Angel of Light; but thee, in whom all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge are. Great Phyſician of Souls! thou cameſt down to preſcribe me Phyſick, and that I might not be afraid to take it, didſt take it before me, and of God becam'ſt Man, that I might imitate thee in the Holineſs of thy Human Nature.

This is it, O my Lord, that my Soul deſires, even to ſet thee before mine Eyes, to repreſent thee in lively Colours before my Mind, and to conform to thy great Example! O my *Jeſus*! thy Spirit I want, which may change me into thy Image from Glory to Glory, from one degree of Brightneſs to another, and enable me to comprehend with all Saints, what is the depth and breadth, and height and length of the Love of God, and may be filled with the fulneſs of God.

O my God, My Soul longs to ſay with thy Apoſtle, I live, yet not I, but *Chriſt* lives in me. Once thou didſt create me after thy Image, but I defaced it; thoſe curious Lines I darkned, and daſhed, yet thou

haſt given me hopes to recover that Jewel; and, O my Lord, do thou place it in its Throne again! How do I long to have my Mind renewed, and my Soul transformed, that I may mind the things of the Spirit with Sincerity and Earneſtneſs! Who but a Fool would not tread in thy ſteps, my deareſt Lord! Yet ſuch a Fool, ſuch a Sott, ſuch a Beaſt I have been! I have ſeen thee lightning me to Heaven, and yet have loved Darkneſs better than Light! O thou Eternal Wiſdom! I hate this Folly! I abhor this Stupidity! I will follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goes. The Apoſtles followed thee, why ſhould not I? Whole Armies of Primitive Believers followed thee, Why ſhould not I? Why ſhould I come behind them? Why ſhould I have leſs eſteem for thee, than they had?

My very Name obliges me to follow thee! What am I a Chriſtian for, if I do not imitate thee! O let me not blaſpheme that worthy Name whereby I am called! I blaſpheme it, if by my vain Converſation I give thine Enemies occaſion to ſpeak ill of thy Religion. Do I call my ſelf by thy Name, and am loth to tread in thy ſteps! My Heart is ſtubborn! My Will perverſe! O do thou bow it! Make me ready, make me willing, make me expedite for this Work. Thou tookeſt up thy Croſs, O let me not dream of Beds of Roſes! Thou waſt ſubject to thy Pa-

Parents, Oh make me ſubmiſſive to my Superiours! Thou did'ſt reſiſt Temptations, Oh let me not be overcome by them! Thou did'ſt deſpiſe the World, Oh let me not be enamoured with it! Thou wenteſt about doing good, Oh let me not be backward to Works of Charity! Thou did'ſt deny thy ſelf, Oh let me not indulge my vain Deſires. Thou did'ſt work while the day did laſt, Oh let me not harden my Heart in this my day! Thou waſt humble, Oh let the ſame Humility take root in my Soul! Thou waſt meek, Oh let this Meekneſs be the Rule of all my Actions! Thou did'ſt not aim at Vain-Glory, Oh let no ſuch pitiful end defile my Soul! Thou did'ſt bear with the weak, O let me be tender-hearted, and gentle too! Thou did'ſt patiently endure Injuries, Oh let me not fret and murmur under them! Thou waſt faithful in all thy Fathers Houſe, Oh let me be ſo in the Duties of my Calling, and Relations! Thou did'ſt receive and embrace the Penitent, Oh let me rejoyce over thoſe who are ſorry for their Faults! Thou did'ſt encourage Goodneſs and Holy Inclinations! O let me cheriſh them, whereſoever I find them! Thou did'ſt do thy Fathers Will, Oh let me not pretend Impediments! Thou did'ſt good for evil, Oh let me not recompenſe Sin with Sin! A Senſe of God's Goodneſs, was Meat and Drink to thee, Oh let it be my Diet

too! Thou waſt a Pattern of Gravity, Oh let me not be vain and fooliſh in my Converſation! Thou did'ſt ſpend thy ſelf for the good of Mankind, Oh let me not indulge my Eaſe too much! Thou did'ſt intirely reſign thy ſelf to thy Father's Pleaſure under the ſevereſt Trials, Oh teach me this Art of Self reſignation too! Thou waſt zealous for the Houſe of God, Oh let not Lukewarmneſs ſpoil my Soul! Thou waſt not taken with the Pomp and Glory of the World, Oh let me not be gull'd with theſe empty Shows! The Frowns and Contempt of Men could not make thee weary of being ſtrictly conſcientious, Oh let not theſe pitiful things make me aſhamed of thee, and thy Goſpel!

Oh my Jeſus! Thy Kingdom muſt ſuffer violence, and whoever enters there, muſt force his way through all Impediments: And what if I offer violence to my Luſts and Paſſions for a time, how ſweet will it be to lie encircled in thy Arms one Day, and to hear thee ſay, *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you*! Thou doſt promiſe me, That if I will fight for thee, thou wilt give me to eat of the Tree of Life, and to ſit down with thee in thy Kingdom, at thy Table, and to be a King and a Prieſt for ever; Do I believe this, and ſcruple fighting the good Fight? Do I believe this, and am afraid of the Worlds Frowns?

Frowns? Do I believe this, and am I ashamed of the Severities thou callest me to? Why should I mistrust thee, when I see thee use the same Mortifications thou bidd'st me chuse? If a Soldier see his King use the same Pains, Habit, and hard Fare which the meanest Man in the Army uses, what Courage doth it infuse into him to endure Hardship and other Difficulties, that may attend the various Enterprizes he is engaged in?

O my Lord! That very contempt of the World, that Meekness and Humility, that severity of Life, that aversion from sensual Pleasures, that enmity to Sin, that hatred of Vanity, that Indignation against brutish Delights, that Sincerity, that Simplicity thou requirest of me, thou did'st observe and practice, and perform thy self; so that thou layest the same Burden on my Shoulders that lay on thine; and if I die with thee, I shall live with thee too; if I suffer with thee, I shall reign with thee.

O then, I will not tarry! I will make haste, and conform to thine Example! I shall not fare worse than my King and Master did; and as I have born the Image of the Earthly, so I shall bear the Image of the Heavenly too. I will walk as my Jesus walked! O my Lord! Make me Holy, as thou art Holy; Perfect, as my Father which is in Heaven is Perfect! O my Lord, there

is no other way to Glory, but by thee! Thou being exceeding rich, becameſt poor to enrich my Soul! Thou cameſt not to do thine own Will, but the Will of him that ſent thee! Put thine Arms under me; and I will not do mine own Will: I will follow thee through Fire and Water; I will follow thee through Bryars and Thorns, through good Report and evil Report.

O, chaſe away all ſlaviſh fear from my Soul! Let me not be afraid of Difficulties! What can be difficult, where thou art both the Guide and the Encourager? Thou canſt not deceive me; thou canſt not delude me; it muſt be ſo as thou haſt ſaid: All things are poſſible to him that believes: I'll chuſe ſome hardſhip here, ſo I may reſt in thy Boſom hereafter; I'll be content to paſs through a dirty way for ſome time, that I may lie down in the green Paſtures of thy Mercy for ever. The ſight of thy Croſs in the Holy Sacrament ſhall be my Motive: I'll draw Arguments from that Remembrance of thy Death, to die to the World. I will travel with thee; I will ſail through the boiſterous Sea of this Life with thee: And, O, my Jeſus! let me arrive ſafe at laſt in the Everlaſting Harbour. *Amen, Amen.*

A Thanks-

VI.

A Thanksgiving after Receiving of the Lord's Supper, *to be said either at Church, or at Home.*

AND now, What Reward shall I render unto thee, O Holy, and Blessed, and Incomprehensible Trinity, for all the Benefits I have received at thy Hands this day! Awake up, my Glory! Awake, my outward, and inward Man! I will sing, and give Praise! Whence is it, that so poor a Wretch, as I am, is crowned with all this Mercy and loving Kindness! O my Soul, thou hast been watered this day with the Streams that flow from the Paradise of God! I that was worthy of God's hatred, how have I been this day advanced! What great things hath God done for me! What Honour hath he laid upon me! What Majesty, what Glory, hath he conferr'd upon me.

I feel the Fire of God within me! My Heart grows hot within me! I will sing, and give Praise! Who would not praise thee, that hath seen thy Goings in the Sanctuary, as I have seen them this day! Holy Father, thou hast this day embraced me! Holy Jesus, thou hast this day poured out Blessings upon me! Holy Spirit, thou hast this day

manifeſted thy ſelf unto me! Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hoſts, Thou haſt humbled thy ſelf this day to a dead Dog! O how often have I returned to the Vomit! How often have I gone a whoring from Thee! Yet behold, the Lord, inſtead of the Bread of Affliction, hath given me the Bread which came down from Heaven; inſtead of the Cup of trembling, hath given me the Cup of Salvation! I will remember thy Name, O Lord, I will ſpeak of thy wondrous Works.

O my Lord! I ſee thy hand is not ſhortned, neither is thy ſtrength abated! Thou, that hadſt mercy on the vileſt Sinners formerly, extendeſt thy Goodneſs to ſuch miſerable Creatures ſtill! I have drawn Water this day from the Well of Salvation, even from thy Wounds, O Crucified Redeemer! Thou haſt looked upon this Prodigal this day; Thou haſt run, and fallen on my Neck, and kiſſed my polluted Soul! Oh Honour! Oh Dignity! Oh Compaſſion! Oh Charity! Oh Love! Oh Mercy! Oh Goodneſs! which the Redeemed of the Lord muſt ſpeak of! Even they, whom he hath reemed from the hand of the Enemy, and gathered them out of the Lands, from the *Eaſt*, and from the *Weſt*, from the *North*, and from the *South*; they wandred in the Wilderneſs, in a ſolitary way, they found no City to dwell in; Hungry, and Thirſty, their

their Soul fainted in them; then they cryed unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses, and he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a City of Habitation. O that Men would praise the Lord for his Goodness, and for his wonderful Works to the Children of Men!

Open to me the Gates of Righteousness, I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord. This is the Gate of the Lord, into which the Righteous shall enter; I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me, and art become my Salvation. The Stone which the Builders refused is become the head-Stone of the Corner. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our Eyes. If I forget thee, O, my *Jesus*! let my Tongue cleave to the roof of my Mouth. Thou hast regarded my Tears; thou hast taken notice of my Supplication; thou hast given me my hearts desire; thou hast not withheld from me the requests of my Lips! Thou hast given me leave to come to thine Altar this day, and to lift up my hands towards thy holy Oracle! Thou hast fed my Soul this day with Royal Dainties, with Peace and Pardon, with a Right to thy Promises, and offers of Eternal Life, with assistances of thy Holy Spirit, and the Riches of Grace and Mercy. This is the Food, which the Holy Bread and Wine have represented to me this

this Day, and with this Food thou haſt bleſſed my Soul. In this Food will I glory, of this will I make my boaſt. This is Food for Immortal Spirits! This preſerves Souls through the power of God unto Salvation; this is Bread which fades not away; this is the Wine which may be had without Money, and without Price.

O my God! Thou requireſt no Price, but a wounded Heart; no Gold, no Silver, no Jewel, but an obedient Soul: I bring it, I offer it. I beg thou wouldſt be pleaſed to accept of it; thou deſerveſt it; thou mayſt challenge it; it's thine Thou gaveſt it me, thy Spirit made it willing; thy Grace did melt it; thy Fire burnt away the Droſs; thy Goodneſs purified it, and thou wilt cleanſe it more and more. All the Good I have, is thine; From thee it flows; From thee it ſprings; thou conveyeſt it to my Soul. Thou openeſt mine Ears; thou awakeneſt me; every good thought I have, is thine; every good inclination, every good reſolution, every good intention is thine; thou influenceſt every good action I perform. My praiſe ſhall be of thee in the great Congregation, I will declare thy Faithfulneſs and Salvation.

O how good is God to *Iſrael*, even to them that are of a clean Heart! O make me clean, that I may feel thy Goodneſs; Thou art my Phyſician, I am thy Patient; Thou

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art my Father, I am thy Son; thou art my Master, I am thy Servant; thou art my Teacher, I am thy Disciple: Thy Spirit is Good, O lead me in the way Everlasting.

God forbid, that I should glory in any thing, save in the Cross of Christ, and him crucified. O that the World were crucified to me, and I unto the World! I will rejoyce in thy Love, my dearest Lord: I have seen thy Power, Wisdom and Goodness. I see what pains thou takest with my Soul to make it happy, to drive away the Night of Ignorance from it, and to make me know, there is no true Bliss, no true Comfort, but in thee. Thou teachest me to overcome my Spiritual Enemies; Blessed be the Lord my Strength, which teaches my Hands to War, and my Fingers to Fight, my Goodness, and my Fortress, my high Tower and my Deliverer, my Shield, and in whom I trust. Thou preventest me with thy Grace; thou givest me the earnest of Eternal Glory; by thy Spirit, I am sealed unto the Day of Redemption: Thou art my past, my present, and my future, Good: *Let the People praise thee, O God, let all the People praise thee.* O that all Men might know and love thee! O that all Mankind might feel thy Power, and Glory! O Thou, who art the chiefest among Ten thousand, the Upright love thee; and among these, I

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the unworthieſt of thy Servants preſume to love thy Name! Thou haſt made me to walk upon mine high places, and in the bitterneſs of my Soul haſt refreſh'd my Spirit; Thou haſt pardoned, I hope, all my Sins, and blotted out mine Iniquities as a thick Cloud. I expect thou ſhouldſt forgive me much, and therefore ſure I muſt love thee much! Thou haſt born my Grief, and carried my Sorrows; thy Torments have given me Eaſe, thy Reproaches have procured my Glory, and thy Miſery is the cauſe of all my Happineſs.

Therefore I will put on the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*: Thou ſhalt be my Garment, my Crown, my Diadem, I will ſing unto thee as long as I live. I will ſing praiſe unto my God, while I have my Being. My Meditation of thee ſhall be ſweet, I will be glad in the Lord. O my Lord, I rejoyce to hear that every Knee bows unto thee. I would have all the World fall down before thee, and worſhip thee. I rejoyce in all the good things that thou poſſeſſeſt, not that I expect thou ſhouldſt make me partaker of all, but becauſe they are in thee, and they are thine, and thou doſt diſpenſe them to thy Creatures, according to thy pleaſure.

I rejoyce, O Lord, in all the Glorious Gifts thou haſt conferred on the Head of the Church, the Man *Jeſus Chriſt*. I rejoyce

joyce in all the Mercies, thou haſt beſtowed on the bleſſed Angels, in that Purity and Innocence, in that Brightneſs and Splendor, in that Bliſs and Felicity, they are crowned withal, in their care of thy People, in their Miniſterial Offices to thoſe that ſhall be Heirs of Salvation. I rejoyce in all the Graces, thou haſt diſpenſed to thy Holy Apoſtles, in their miraculous healing of the Sick, in their powerful Preaching, whereby the World was converted, in their Knowledge, and Illumination, in their Zeal and Fervour, in their Patience, and Humility, in their Watchfulneſs, and Heavenly-mindedneſs; for in all theſe I ſee thy mighty Arm, and thy ſtrong Hand, and the Light of thy Countenance: And all that they have done, and ſaid, is written for my Learning.

I rejoyce in all the Bleſſings thy Saints enjoy, in thy calling them to thy marvellous Light, in thy adorning their Souls with ſo many reſplendent Virtues, in thy honouring of them with the lofty Titles of Children, and Brethren, and Friends, and Kings, and Prieſts; in thy viſiting of them with thy Salvation, in thy aſſiſting of them with thy Power, thy Spirit, and thy Influences in their Dangers and Neceſſities; in thy helping their Infirmities, in thy purifying of their Souls, in thy enlivening their Spirits, that they may not be aſhamed

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of the Gospel of *Christ Jesus*; in thy keeping of them from all Evil, in thy rescuing of them from Temptations, in thy giving them a happy Death, and promise of a Glorious Resurrection. I rejoyce in all thy Mercies to poor Sinners, in thy calling of them to Repentance; in thy entreating, admonishing, and beseeching of them to be reconciled to God; in thy forbearing of them; in thy patience and long-suffering toward them; in thy waiting for their Repentance; in thy adjuring of them by Bowels of Mercy, by the Blood of *Jesus*, by the Wounds of a Crucified Redeemer, by the sweetest Calls, and by the greatest Motives to Seriousness and Holiness; in thy receiving the Penitent; in thy forgetting all their Unkindnesses, and forgiving the Affronts they have offered unto thee; in thy remembring their Sins no more, and drowning them in the depth of the Sea, even in the Blood of the Lamb, which was slain from the Foundation of the World.

I rejoyce in all thy loving kindnesses to thy Church; in thy giving her thy Word, thy Ordinances, thy Sacraments; in thy making her thy Bride, thy Spouse, and thy Favourite; in thy Ordaining the *Lord Jesus* to be her Head, her Husband, and her Protector and Nursing Father.

O *Jesu!* I rejoyce in thy Incarnation, in the great Mystery of Godliness, God manifested

feſſed in the Fleſh, juſtified in the Spirit, ſeen of Angels, preached in the World, believed on by the Gentiles, received up into Glory. I have reaſon to rejoyce in thy Hypoſtatick Union, in thy being the Prince of Men, and Angels, and in that all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge are in thee. I rejoyce in thy ſending the Comforter into the World; in thy Promiſes, in thy Offers, in thy Providences, in the Proviſion thou haſt made for our Souls and Bodies.

O, give me a thankful Heart for my right Shape, for my Health, and Strength, and Temporal Advantages; O, what a Mercy is it, that thou haſt cauſed me to be born in the Light, in the true Religion, in a Religion free from notorious Errors, and Superſtitions! How am I beholden to thee, that thou haſt kept me from ſo many opportunities of ſinning againſt thee, from abundance of Temptations, from innumerable occaſions of Evil! How many have been ſnatcht away by ſudden Death; and I am alive yet! How many have been denied the Grace of Repentance, which thou ſtill offereſt to me, that I have a Heart to pray and praiſe thy Name; what a mighty Token of thy Love is this! Let Heaven and Earth praiſe the Lord; let all the Angels in Heaven praiſe him. Let every thing

that

that hath Breath, praiſe the Lord; praiſe thou the Lord, Oh my Soul!

I remember, Oh Lord, how, when I have gone through the Water, thou haſt been with me; when I have paſſed through the Fire, thou haſt commanded the Flames not to kindle upon me; I remember, when for a ſmall moment, thou haſt hid thy Face from me; how, with everlaſting Kindneſſes, thou haſt viſited me again; Oh, how often haſt thou delivered me from the nethermoſt Hell! when I have been ready to ſink in the Mire, thou haſt pulled me out of the horrible Pit, out of the miry Clay, and ſet my Feet upon a Rock, and eſtabliſhed my Goings! When the Snares of Death have incompaſſed me, and the pains of Hell laid hold on me, thou haſt delivered my Soul from Death, mine Eyes from Tears, and my Feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord, in the Land of the Living: What Reward ſhall I render unto thee for all thy Benefits! How loth haſt thou been to behold my Ruin! How haſt thou called after me, *Have Mercy on thy ſelf*! With what Convictions haſt thou followed me! What checks of Conſcience haſt thou given me! Oh my Lord! Thou ſhalt have all the Glory, thou art worthy to receive Bleſſing, and Honour, and Majeſty, and Dominion. How precious are thy Mercies! How rich thy loving Kindneſſes! To do ſo much

for

for Duſt and Aſhes, for a Worm, for a Graſshopper, for a Creature that hath abuſed thee, and rebelled againſt thee; Oh what Goodneſs is this! My Underſtanding is not big enough to comprehend it. I'll acknowledge thee for my God, I'll own thee for my Redeemer; thou ſhalt be my King, my Maſter, my Sovereign Lord! I will conſecrate all my Labours, all my Services, all I have, and all I am, to thy Glory! O what a Favour is Forgiveneſs of Sin, which I truſt I have received this day!

Think, O my Soul, what a Bondage thou art delivered from! Think, what a Slavery thou art freed from! Now thou art at liberty, now thou may'ſt ſerve God chearfully; now thou may'ſt freely go on from Virtue to Virtue. This is a day of Thankſgiving; this is a day of glad Tidings; this is a day which ought to be remembred; O my Jeſus! Thou haſt this day viſited the Earth, and watered it! Thou haſt made it rich with thy Showres; thy Grace hath dropped upon me this day, like the Rain on the mowen Graſs! Oh order my Steps according to thy Word for the future! Let me ſee thee in every Mercy! Teach me to admire thee in every Bleſſing! Let nothing ſeduce my Heart from thee! When any Afflictions come upon me, let me receive them with Thanks and Submiſſion! When I ſtumble, do thou ſupport me; when I fall,

fall, do thou raiſe me; when I go aſtray, do thou ſeek me; when I err, do thou direct me; when I ſlacken in thy Service, do thou ſtrengthen me. Keep the Door of my Senſes, that no impure thing may enter there. Let my Heart be thy Temple! Teach me to enquire daily, what progreſs I make in thy way! Let thy Word be a Lanthorn to my Feet, and a Light unto my Paths! Let no evil Company diſcourage me! Let thy Providence direct me to Perſons that love thy Law, and in theſe excellent ones let all my Delight and Comfort be!

O my Lord, my Life is hid in thee! But when thy Glory ſhall appear, I ſhall be like thee! Speak Lord, for thy Servant hears! Let none of thy Commandments be hence-forward grievous to me! Open thy hand and feed my Soul! When I am tempted, lay no more upon me, than I am able to bear! Give me Courage to ſtrive to enter in at the ſtrait Gate! Let me ever look at the things which are not ſeen; for the things which are ſeen are Temporal; but the things which are not ſeen are Eternal! Thy Kingdom, Lord, is not in Meat and Drink, but in Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt; Give me a taſte of it! Let Eternity be always in my mind! Into thy hands I do commend my Spirit, my Body, and all the Concerns of my

my Life! Let thy Grace come down upon me plentifully! Let me not do thy Will negligently! Let me live in the Thoughts of another Life, and let thoſe Thoughts encourage me to follow after, that I may apprehend that, for which I am alſo apprehended of Chriſt Jeſus! Oh hear me! Oh anſwer me! Oh pity me! Oh relieve me! Oh come in! Oh ſuccour me, thou that art the God of my Salvation, and my Tongue ſhall talk of thy Righteouſneſs, all the day long! Let all thoſe that ſeek thee, rejoyce, and be glad in thee, and let ſuch as love thy Salvation, ſay continually, Let God be magnified! I am poor and needy, make haſte unto me, O God! Thou art my Help, and my Deliverer: O Lord, make no tarrying. *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

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